The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXV. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892. NO. 2.

Every member of a secret organization has the grip.

The people of Muncy are now wondering what became of their money in the bank.

James A. Kerr will be a candidate for re-election as Democratic State Chairman.

Philadelphia Republicans are split and at loggerheads as Harrison and Quay factions.

D. F. Fortney is favorably mentioned by some for the legislature. Good, if he agrees to it.

As the United States Senate still has a small Republican majority, we take it for granted that Senator Hill has not yet chawed up any of them.

Senator Wallace is spoken of as the head of the Democratic delegation to the next national convention. He is the man of all others for that place.

The Chilian affair looks quite warlike just now. Later investigations show that the outrages committed against the United States are of a graver nature than heretofore developed.

The Philadelphia *Times* Almanac, for 1892, is upon our table. It is valuable for the statistics and fund of general information it contains. Worth the price of the *Times* alone.

Perquisites of Government clerks are being curtailed. It was decided that they are not entitled to salary when absent from duty more than 60 days. The next thing they will be required to work while on duty.

The county Auditors are now in session looking over Centre countey's household affairs for the year 1891. Under the present Democratic board we do not think there will be found any wild cat business like under the Henderson era, of 1888—'90.

And now it is the Muncy bank that has suspended. Bank suspensions come like a thief at night, and as a general thing it is bank thieves that cause the suspensions. The biggest thieves are the bank thieves—they cause more wide-spread misery than any other class of rascals.

The demand all over the state is for better men to the legislature. If good and competent men are not sent to Harrisburg, it is simbly the fault of the people themselves. When a man is notoriously unfit he should not be elected, no matter what party nominates him. If the standard of legislative members is to be raised, the only way to do it is to raise it, and make the third-rate material take a back seat.

Congressman Roger Q. Mills in an interview said he would be a candidate for the Senate should there be a called session of the Texas Legislature. Free coinage of silver, he did not believe, would in the slightest manner relieve the financial distress of the country, notwithstanding that he had advocated it in and out of Congress and voted for it. He advised the postponement of the further agitation of the subject until the tariff is reduced. On the latter issue the Democrats had won the country and could hold it.

Richard Vaux has recently declared that a good trade is far more use to a boy than a good education. This conclusion he has arrived at after many years service as a manager of a penal institution. The fact that of the inmates of American penitentiaries about four-fifths can read and write, while an equal proportion have never been taught any trade shows that he is right. But there is no reason why head training and hand training should not go together. Industrial education should solve the problem.

In the supreme court on Monday, Chief Justice Paxson announced a decision defining the duties of a bank director, in the course of which he said:

His principal business at the bank is to assist in dicounting papers, and for that purpose he attends at the bank at the stated periods. The condition of the bank is then laid before him, in order that he may know how much money there is to loan. Once or twice a year there is an examination of the bank in which he participates. The cash on hand is counted, the bills receivable and securities examined, to see whether they correspond with the statement of the officers. Beyond this he has little to with either cash or the books of the bank. To expect a director, under these circumstances, to give the affairs of the bank the same care he takes with his own business is unreasonable men would be willing to serve upon such terms. Under such circumstances it would be an act of gross injustice to hold him liable for the frauds of others, in which he had not participated and which have only been brought to light with the aid of experts.

PROTECTION AND WOOL.

David A. Wells has written many articles and delivered many speeches to show that protection of wool seriously injures both the American producer and consumer, and his arguments have been unanswerable. This has made him dearly disliked by the high tariff people, and yesterday a tariff picture in the various organs of protection that obtain information from the New York *Press* said:

Free Trader David A. Wells says that the American people use less wool every year on account of protection. In 1870 we consumed 7.94 pounds per capita; in 1880 8.55 pounds per capita and in 1890 9 23 pounds per capita. Our per capita consumption of wool is annually increasing under protection. That's what the facts have to say on the subject.

Now, the facts do not say anything of the kind. It is a very pretty picture to the eye of the protectionist, says the *Patriot*, and the only thing wrong about it is the whole picture. In 1870 the population of the United States was 38,558,371 and the quantity of wool retained for home consumption was 209,367,254 pounds, or a per capita consumption of 5.43 pounds. At this time the tariff on wools was at its highest, they being taxed from 50 to 60 per cent. The population in 1880 was 50,155,783 and 356,791,676 pounds of wool were were used, a per capita consumption of 7.11 pounds. In 1890, with a population of 62,622,250, the quantity consumed was 377,911,776 pounds, or 6.03 per capita. It will be observed that in no instance has the picture given the true figures. As an illustration of their falsity, at the rate of 9.23 pounds per capita the total consumption in the United States for 1890 would have been 578,000,000 pounds; our total production and imports for that year were only 381,431,000 pounds. This, of course, is inclusive of exports, which are not consumed here.

This tariff picture is merely intended to blind those who have been taught to fear a reduction in duties. The periods during which the tariff was low were the best for both producer and consumer, but the high tariff party is now trying to deceive both by the publication of false figures and untruthful statements. The consumption of wool is not increased by a high tariff.

All the explorers who have recently returned from Alaska after penetrating regions previously unknown, speak of the exceeding timorousness of the aboriginal tribes of the interior. Near the great canon of the St. Elias range. Lieutenant Schwatka found a party of aborigines who had never before seen a white man; and he says that they were frightened by the sight of him, that they are exceedingly timid, and that they do not possess the traits of most of the Indian tribes of North America. Another explorer, Mr. E. J. Glave, who has recently traversed the Southeastern regions of Alaska, starting at the mouth of the Chilkat river, says that the Stick Indians whom he found in the forests there, lack courage, that they are harmless, and that they are mean, crafty and superstitious. Similar accounts are given by Mr. Ogilvie, of the aboriginal tribes living in the Canadian region between Alaska and the Mackenzie river. Timidity seems to be the predominant trait of the primitive stock in the far Northwest of this continent. It is not likely that we will ever have any trouble with the Alaskan tribes; but that is not a reason why the Government should fail to protect them against the covetousness of white settlers.

Senator Quay has an eye to business as well as to politics. The secret of his desire to acquire three Mexican states has leaked out, and shows that he is not too conscientious to legislate in his own interests. It is learned from a Washington dispatch that Mr. Quay and Mr. Cameron and some friends purchased not long ago some mineral rights in Mexico. The territory which Mr. Quay wants the United States government to acquire is that wherein is located these mineral rights. Should our government be able to acquire that territory in any way, it would enormously enhance the value of the property, and thus put money in the pockets of the Quay-Cameron syndicate. But even the merer agitation of the question enhances, in a speculative sense, the value of the property.

An Honorable Act.

Ex-Gov. Beaver has, with his wife, executed a deed of trust to Mr. Jennings, of Harrisburg, for everything he was worth, including a $30,000 life insurence policy. The Governor became involved by endorsing for a Bellefonte manufacturing company at various times in the past few years to the aggregate sum of $175,000. The action of the Governor in surrendering his property is considered honorable to the greatest extent, and much sympathy is expressed for him.

BIG BLANKET BALLOT.

Voters Will Deposit a Mammoth Sheet.

"The new blanket ballot which will be voted under the new law, at next November's election," said Secretary of the Commonwealth Harrity to a correspondent, "will be about the sizes of a page of a newspaper.

As soon as the State Commission shall have determined on the exact size and details of the new ballot Secretary Harrity will send a specimen copy of it to the County Commissioners and others interested in the printing of the official tickets.

This ballot will probably be as large as any that will ever be used in this or any other State. The names of the thirty-two Presidential electors for each party, the nominees for Congress, including the candidates-at-lage, and for Senator, Representative and county offices, must all be printed on one ticket. If the names were printed one after the other on a ticket four inches wide the ballot would probably be three yards long.

If Secretary Harrity's suggestion shall be adopted the names of the Presidential electors will be grouped side by side, under the appropriate appellation.

The Commission has practically decided that the booths for the voting place must be of substantial, reasonably permanent and of a convenient and portable character. This shuts out all the specimen makes submitted to the Commission which are fashioned wholely of wood, or of wood and canvas.

One of the three booths from which a selection will be made is composed entirely of steel, which shuts up on the principle of the housewife's clothes-horse or a Japanese screen. This is built by a St. Louis firm The rival bidders are from Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa., and Buffalo, N. Y.

There are 5000 election precincts in the State. With an average of five booths to each precinct, there will be about 25,000 booths required. The cost per booth will be about $8, making a total expense of $200,000. At least $25-000 more may be added for guard rails and other apparatus.

It would take several long trains of cars to transport these booths and one good-sized train to carry the blanket ballots.

Memorial Services.

Last Sunday afternoon, after the missionary meeting in the Methodist church, a memorial service was held in honor of the late Charles W. Derstine, who had been such a zealous worker in that school for a number of years. After singing by the choir, "Some sweet day, by and by," a sketch of the life of the deceased was read by D. S. Frederick, followed by remarks in the same line by Mrs. Sarah Rogers, E. H. Molley and J. A. McKee. An interesting feature was the reading of a letter from a Chinese boy, received after Mr. Derstine's death, for whose education the latter had been paying for the last seven years and had, shortly before his death, made arrangements for the completion of the boy's studies. Verily, his works do follow him.—Lewistown *Gazette*.

Huns on a Rampage.

Sunday morning last there was a Hungarian christening at the Iron Works, near Bellefonte. The beer flowed plentifully and when the fun was at its height an altercation ensued. Knives and revolvers were drawn, and when the trouble was ended it was found that four persons were badly wounded and a number of others slightly hurt. It is not thought any were fatally injured. The police arrested eleven of the men who seemed to be the most violent and placed them in jail.

Foot Mashed.

Charles Krumbine returned to his home in this place Monday afternoon, from Pittsburg, where he has been employed in the Presbyterian Publication House. He was employed in the press rooms and while engaged last Saturday in placing paper on the feed board of the press the press was started and his right foot was caught in the machinery, crushing it and injuring him quite seriously.

Mrs. Packer's Heirs.

The will of the late Mrs. Catharine J. Packer, of Williamsport, has been filed for probate in the court house at that place. The estate is valued at over $250,000, and is devised to Rev. Dr. David J. Hill, late president of the Bucknell University, at Lewisburg, but now president of the University of Rochester, N. Y., and his wife, the only living child of Mr. Packer.

Was a Cousin.

Manager R. H, Lee, whose accidental drowning at the Logan iron works near Lewistown is reported, was a cousin of the great confederate leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

——Have you seen the new stock of overcoats just received at the Philad. Branch?

A LYCOMING COUNTY SMASH.

The Muncy National Bank Goes Under. Heavy Liabilities.

The First national bank of Muncy was closed by order of Bank Examiner Dengler on Monday. Previous to the announcement of the suspension there was a run, during which between $7,000 and $8,000, all the money on hand, was paid out. Dale Green, the cashier and ex-bank examiner for this district, was arrested between ten and eleven o'clock Monday evening as startling disclosures were made during the evening.

When Examiner Dengler arrived on Saturday he found that a portion of the vault could not be opened, and he sent to New York for an expert. The man arrived Sunday night and worked five hours before getting the vault door open. It was then found that $23,000 in money and bonds was gone. Shortly after this the excited depositors started a run. Dale Green was arrested while in bed and was taken before United States Commissioner Bently, who demanded bail in the sum of $20,000. During the night he will remain in the custody of the deputy marshal.

Examiner Dengler said that the affairs of the bank are in very bad shape, and it looks as if the institution has been looted. A shortage of at least $40,00 has already been discovered, and the full amount, it is expected, will be much greater. The president is Captain John M. Bowman, who also acted as cashier during the time that Dale Green was bank examiner.

Always for the Schools.

Dr. A. R. Horne editor of the *National Educator*, who was present at the Centre county institute thus speaks of the venerable war governor.

"Ex-Governor Adrew G. Curtin, now seventy-six years old, the great war governor and subsequently minister to Russia, is still active physically and mentally. We had the pleasure of hearing him relate some of his experiences while in the gubernatorial chair most interesting among them that of securing the first appropriation for soldiers' orphan schools. Having failed to get an appropriation when he presented the matter the first time, he had two hundred of these children come to Harrisburge, and in the hall of the House of Representatives they sang, and one of them delivered a stirring speech, which, by the way, the governor had written himself. Such was the effect that that night $250, 000 were appropriated instead of $125,000 asked for. The governor signed the bill that very same night. It was doubtful before their arrival whether the 200 could be accommodated with lodging the governor having proposed to take ten into his own house. When the meeting was over he got only two everybody was so anxious to take them.

"Governor Curtin, when secretary of the commonwealth, was instrumental in having the Normal school bill enacted by having framed it himself.

Died.

In Lewisburg, on December 25th, 1891, Mrs. Clarissa Russell, mother of T. Frank Russell, aged 95 years. Interred in Mass.

Mr. John Weaver, an old and well-known citizen of Miles township, died on the 27th of December, 1891, at the advanced age of 79 years, 6 months and a few days. Mr. Weaver died of old age, having only been sick a few weeks. His funeral took place on Tuesday, the 29th ult. His remains were taken to Rebersburg for burial, followed by a large host of friends and relatives. Rev. Brown, of the Reformed church officiated at the funeral.

Reuben D. Shafer.

The above named died in Venango county and was buried at Zion, this county, December 16th, 1891, aged 29 years. In 1885 he left his home at Mackeyville for Kansas. He was an artist by profession, and a botanist. He afterwards traveled through Colorada, Utah, across the Rockies, to California, thence to Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, taking in all the cities, scenerey and industries of those states. Desiring to visit his old home in Centre county, he took sick in the oil regions and died there reaching his old home as a corpse.

A Brother of the Nicely Boys.

George M. Nicely, fireman on a Chicago Limited, was instantly killed at Lilly, on Monday morning. He was leaning out of the cab window when he was struck by the mail crane. His neck was broken and his skull crushed in. He leaves a widow to whom he was married December 17th. It is said he was a brother of the Nicely boys, executed at Somerset for the murder of farmer Umberger.

——Every well dressed gentleman get his clothing from the Philad. Branch Bellefonte. They can fit you out in any thing you want, at a bargain. You'll miss it greatly if you don't call to see his stock.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11, 1892.

It is a matter for congratulation that Speaker Crisp is rapidly recovering. His continued illness is becoming very embarrassing to the democratic majority in the House, as there is a natural hesitation among those who are capable of directing the policy of the party about assuming a function that belongs properly to the Speaker; consequently there has been some confusion, which thoughtless people have been slow to exaggerate this idea, and some democrats, fortunately few in number, have allowed themselves to fall into the error of believing such statements to be the truth.

It is probable that had not Mr. Crisp been stricken down, a democratic caucus would have been held before this, at which the general policy to be persued by the majority of the House during the session would have been mapped out and some agreement reached as to who should assume the leadership of the House on the floor, but it has not been thought abvisable to hold this caucus in the absence of Speaker Crisp. While it is not probable that Mr. Crisp will be strong enough to preside over House during this week, yet he is already well enough to confer with his colleagues, and the prediction is made that all cause of complaint will shortly disappear and that the democratic majority will get down to work with unanimity to carry out the policy upon which it was elected—tariff reform and retrenchment in public expenditures.

No man who ever entered the Senate was given a more cordial reception by his party colleagues than was Senator David B. Hill, of New York, and no member of that body ever received the deference which is accorded him by all of the Senators. His intimacy with Senator Gorman has given that gentleman an unquestionable boom for the Presidential nomination. This is doubtless largely due to the feeling that any candidate supported by Senators Hill and Gorman would be difficult to defeat in a democratic national convention.

Representation Blount, of Georgia, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, thinks the House made a mistake in defeating the joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to charter a steamship to carry the food which has been contributed to the famine-stricken Russians, and that it was done through a misapprehension and the lack of proper information. He has moved a reconsideration of the vote, and expects that the resolution will be passed when it again comes up.

The declaration of the State presidents of the Farmers Alliance who have been holding a conference here, against committing the Alliance to the third party movement, has excited much comment here.

Mr. Blaine is again having a rocky time of it, between the attempt of the Chilians to wriggle out of making an apology to the United States and of the Harrison crowd to make his health a national bugaboo. He is also having trouble with Mr. Harrison and the Cabinet over the question of granting the Mexican goverment the right to send troops into the United States after Garza, who is said to be backed by Boss Shepherd of Washington notoriety, and other Americans. Mr. Blaine alone opposes allowing Mexican troops to cross the border.

Chairman Tillman, of the House committee of Patents, appears to be the right man in the right place. He has been studying the complaints of the successful inventors against the irresponsible parties who make a practice of wilfully infringing patents, knowing that the inventor can collect no damages from them, no matter how much the courts may decree, and he has become convinced that they are too true. The remedy is in adopting a law that will make the wilful infringer of a patent liable to a criminal prosecution. With the prospect of a striped suit before them there will be a large decrease in a number of infringers.

The Idaho and Florida Senatorial contested cases will be decided this week by the Senate committee on Elections. It is practically settled that the committee will report in favor of Call and Dubois, who already occupy the seats.

The executive committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs will hold an important meeting here on the 20th inst.

If one may judge from the number of bills introduced in Congress on the subject, the idea of electing the president and Vice President and U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people, is growing in popularity.

——Large stock of clothing for men, boys and children.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

KIND WORDS.

Remarks made by Our Neighboring Exchanges Concerning the "Reporter."

Bright and Newsy.

From the Bellefonte Daily News.

The Centre Hall REPORTER, with its issue of this week, enters its sixty-fifth year and celebrated the event by coming out in good style, filled to the brim with fresh local news and editorials. The REPORTER always has been a good paper and for the coming year promises to be even better and brighter than at any time in the past. We heartily wish the proprietors all the success possible in the future.

Evidence of Prosperity.

From the Tyrone Times.

The Centre Hall REPORTER surprised its friends by appearing on its 65th birthday in a brand new suit of clothes and otherwise greatly improved. The REPORTER is a good local paper and we are pleased to see this evidence of its prosperity.

Centre County's Best Paper.

From the Philipsburg Daily Journal.

The Centre Hall REPORTER with this week's issue entered upon its 65th volume, and celebrated the event by appearing in a handsome new dress. Just here we desire to add that we look upon the REPORTER as one of Centre county's best papers, and are glad to know that its merits have won for it marked success. May it continue to prosper, and its genial publisher live to see it round out its one hundredth anniversary.

A Strong Political Factor.

From the Lewisburg Saturday News.

The Centre Hall REPORTER comes up similing this week with a new dress and some improvements in make-up. The REPORTER has for many years been a strong influence in holding Centre Co. in the darkness of Democracy, and it is apparent that editor Kurtz has no idea of repenting, but on the contrary, has increased his implements for the further commission of sin.

Par Excellence.

From the Philipsburg Ledger.

The Centre Hall REPORTER come out on January 7th in a full new dress of type and looked very handsome and clean. We congratulate Brother Kurtz on this evidence of prosperity, and wish him and his excellent paper many long years of usefulness and success.

The Queer Cause a Man Assigned for Suicide.

William Harman of Titusville, Pa, has committed suicide from a melancholy conviction that he was his own grandfather. Here is the singular letter that he left.

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter and mother because she was my father's wife. Soon afterwards my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son; he was of course my brother and in the meantime my grand-child, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

Attention Music-Lovers!

The New Year's holiday number of Brainard's Musical World contains, besides a large amount of interesting reading matter, three new piano pieces: "The German Patrol," by Eilenberg; "In the Valley Polka," by Pehel and "Au Matin," an elegant French composition by Godard; also a beautiful new waltz song. "Only in Dreams," by Geo. Schleiffarth, mailed for 15 cents or three back numbers mailed for 25 cents in stamps.

The Musicians' Guide (new edition for 1892) contains, besides 212 pages of musical information, biographies of 150 musicians, with 25 portraits, a "Teachers' and other valuable features three new songs. "My Kathleens coming Back," "Last Night" and "That is Love, and two piano pieces, "Sound from the Ball-room" and Stolen Kisses"—Gavotte. Mailed free for eight two-cent stamps, or the World and Guide, containing the above nine songs and pieces, mailed for twelve two-cent stamps. Address, The S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago Ill.

Issued Their Death Warrants.

Governor Pattison has issued death warrants to Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Allegheny, and Charles Wall, of Wyoming. The former will be hung March 1st, and the latter March 8th.

——A neat looking shoe, good quality and low in price, is the kind of goods purchased at Powers' Shoe store, Bellefonte. A trial will convince you of this.

DEALERS IN MILLIONS.

MOST FAMOUS FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS IN THE WORLD.

England and France's Two Great Banks—Treasures in Their Vaults That Might Purchase a Kingdom—History of Each.

On the first day of January, 1895, the Bank of England will celebrate the second centennial anniversary of its establishment. Of the many great banking institutions in the world none is more widely or better known than this bank. This famous institution was founded in 1694 by William Patterson, a Scotchman, and the origin of banking in England, in anything like the modern sense of the term, may be said to date from that time. On January 1, 1695, the doors of the bank were opened for business. Its capital was then £1,200,000. Two years later it was increased to £2,201,000. A dozen years later (1710) it was again increased to £5,560,000. In 1816 the capital was raised to its present amount, £14,553,000, upon which dividends are paid at the rate of £10 per share. There is besides a reserve fund of £3,200,000. The price of the stock is quoted at about £338 per share.

The charter given (July 27, 1694) to the Bank of England was a very liberal one. It included the exclusive privilege of issuing notes payable on demand, and also, in consideration of advances made to the government, was to be the sole keeper of the government balances. The disastrous panic of 1825 enabled the Ministry to compel the Bank of England to relinquish some of the privileges of its charter. Up to the year 1826 it was the only joint-stock bank in England, and until 1834 it remained the only joint-stock bank in London.

The first offices occupied by the bank were at the Grocers' Hall in the Poultry. In 1734 the bank moved to Threadneedle street. The present building occupies the unique position of being situated in four parishes. It is reared on the site of John Houblon's house and many other buildings, including the Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, the burial ground of which is now the "garden" of the bank. In this place was buried in the last century a clerk of the bank named Jenkins, who was six feet six inches in length and was interred there to save the corpse from the resurrectionists.

The interior of the bank has little of special interest. The various halls are spacious and modern in appearance, and transactions during business hours seldom involve any crowding. The basement is entered through a carefully guarded iron door. In it are the vaults where the bullion, specie and other valuables and curiosities are to be found. There are also the barracks where thirty-six soldiers are quartered from 7 o'clock every evening until 7 o'clock the next morning for the protection of the bank. This custom of quartering soldiers in the bank originated at the time of the Lord George Gordon riots, when an attempt was made to sack the bank.

The Bank of England first issued notes in 1695, which were of the denomination of £20. The £10 notes were issued in 1759 and the £5 notes in 1793. Three or four years later notes for £1 and £2 were issued. These latter were withdrawn from circulation in 1844, and no notes are now issued for less than £5, and notes of a higher denomination than £1,000.

"As good as gold" faithfully represents the character of a Bank of England note. They are a legal tender everywhere in Great Britain except at the bank itself, where they are required to be paid in gold, and every note issued by the bank could so be paid without one pound of the capital of the institution being touched. Notes issued by and once paid back into the Bank of England are never again circulated (even though they may not have been taken five feet from the teller's window), but are destroyed after going through a most minute process of cancellation. Of course, under such circumstances, every note paid out by the bank is "brand-new." The present note circulation of the bank is somewhat over £25,000,000. For the management of the public debt the bank receives £247,000 per year. The remaining profits of the bank are derived from its use of its deposits, on which it allows no interest, and of its own capital.

The management of this bank is under the care of twenty-four directors, each of whom receives the sum of £500 per year for his services. William Lidderdale, the governor, receives £1,000 a year, and the deputy-governor, David Powell, a like amount. The honor attached to the holding of these offices is far beyond any pecuniary compensation. Many of London's ablest financiers would gladly accept the governorship of the Bank of England solely for the honor that attaches to it. The Bank of England is the great depository of the bullion of that country and in ordinary times holds in its vaults about £25,000,000. This is a much smaller amount than is held by the Bank of France. That is accounted for by the fact that the smallest notes issued are for £5, thus necessitating an enormous quantity of gold being kept by the people. Then, too, the lending powers and the commerce of Great Britain are so enormous that there is almost a perpetual drain of gold such as is not found in other European countries or in the United States. The total amount of bullion in the Bank of England November 12, 1891, was £22,946,692.

In London the Bank of England is known as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle street." In Paris the Bank of France is known as the "Old Lady of the Rue de la Vallière." The Bank of France was instituted in 1803 by laws which were approved in 1808, and, as Napoleon said, was established with the object of providing money at all times at 4 per cent. interest. Since its opening it has had the exclusive privilege in Paris, and since 1857 in France of issuing notes payable on demand. Its charter extends only to the year 1897. The capital of the bank is 182,500,000 francs. This bank in not the fiscal agent of the Government as is that of England. It does not collect or disburse the revenues of the exchequer, but it lends to it largely in its exigencies, and has borne the Government safely through extraordinary needs, a most notable case being the advance of funds during the time of the Franco-Prussian war. When the war began the circulation of the bank was $251,000,000 and its specie $229,000,000, or 90 per cent. of its circulation. In June, 1871, when the war was closed, the circulation was $442,000,000 and its specie $110,000,000, or about 25 per cent. of its circulation.

The Bank of France is situated close to the Place des Victoires. The building which it occupies was originally constructed in 1260 as a residence of the Duc de la Valliere. It covers all the space between the Rue de la Valliere, the Rue Radizville, the Rue Bailiff and the Rue Croix des Petits-Champs. In 1810 the building was restored and somewhat remodeled, but many of the rooms still retain their original ornamentation. The size of the banking room proper is about the only striking thing in connection with that part of the building to which the general public have access. The golden gallery (restored in 1875) is one of the interesting sights, as is also the room where by a chemical process all the old bills are reduced to pulp. A large number of employees are found in the printing office; cutters, engravers, printers, chemists—each has a place, for the bank makes its own paper and ink and does all the work in connection with the production of the bills.

The governor of the Bank of France is M. Soseph Magnin, one of the ablest financiers in Paris, and under whose direction and influence the bank has enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. There are two deputy governors, who, with fifteen regents and three examiners, constitute the board of management. This board meets once a week, when all the interesting questions relative to the bank's interest are passed upon. Some of the rules and methods of conducting the business of this bank date bate back to a time when banking was in its infancy, and an effort is now being made to have certain of these rules laid aside.—[New York Recorder.

DRAWN DOWN BY ALLIGATORS.

Awful Fate of a Mexican While Crossing a River.

"Yes, I've shot any number of alligators. The swamp immediately in the rear of my quarters at Belize abounded with them, and I often popped off one in the early morning from my veranda. They proved uninteresting prey, however, always giving up the ghost at the first discharge; but still I can tell you quite a tragic incident connected with the brutes which occurred under my very eyes. You know that I was stationed at Orange Walk, British Honduras, for several months. The name of the place sounds pretty enough, but that's all there is pretty about it. It is, in fact, nothing but a wretched Spanish Indian village, so that we had no outside associates and no diversion except hunting and riding.

"In connection with the latter pursuit, we were in the habit of riding occasionally to a village called San Estevan, situated some twenty miles distant on the New River, but on the far side from Orange Walk, so that we had to cross the river in order to get there. This we did sometimes at Orange Walk, sometimes at San Estevan, just as the whim seized us. There was no bridge or regular ferry at either place, so that our way of crossing was by means of a canoe, while our horses swam behind. As the canoe would not hold more than two at a time, the ferryman and passenger, this crossing was a work of time, more especially when any of the horses elected to be fractious.

"On the occasion of which I speak we had decided to ride down on our own side of the river and cross over at San Estevan, as the rainy season was not long over and the track in question was decidedly the better of the two. After a few hours' enjoyable riding through the forest's pleasant shade we arrived at the crossing and shouted for the negro to take us over. He soon put in an appearance, and we were all soon safely landed on the opposite shore, the horses seemingly enjoying the cool swim after the journey. We were saddling our horses, preparatory to remounting, when we saw a native sugar planter, or ranchero, come trotting down to the opposite shore. He presented quite a contrast to us in his picturesque and splendid costume. It is needless to describe it. Every one knows the velvet garments trimmed with gold lace and buttons, the beautiful embroidered linen, huge silver spurs, and broad sombrero of the typical Mexican. He was mounted on a spirited little white horse, which contrasted favorably with his black costume. The ferryman was about to put off to bring him over, when, with a careless wave of the hand, he put his horse to the water, and the gallant little beast started on his journey bravely and resolutely.

"We all stood mechanically watching him, none of us, I believe, apprehending any mishap, when the horse uttered a shrill scream of pain and terror, while he was perceptibly sinking lower and lower in the water. His rider, with blanched face and staring eyeballs, seemed to be struggling to disengage himself from his sinking steed, but he, too, suddenly gave a fearful scream and slowly sank from view. For a moment no one moved or spoke, but all stood gazing spellbound at the spot where so lately had been a human being full of life and gayety, while his sombrero floated slowly down the sullen stream. A moment later Coleman and I had sprung into the canoe, I peering anxiously over the prow while he wielded the paddle in frantic haste, neither of us, however, entertaining any hopes of doing any good. For a few moments we paused in midstream, intently watching the water's surface, till a succession of dark crimson rings rising to the surface confirmed our worst fears and left no doubt as to the terrible fate of the Mexican.

"Whether the saurians were attracted by our crossing over, and arrived in time to make a meal of the unfortunate ranchero, I don't know, but we decided to recross at Orange Walk, and I swore that if my horse Jack got over safely he should never enter that accursed stream again. He never did."—[Globe-Democrat.

"What's In a Name?"

"What's in a name?" is frequently asked in the courts, with varying answers. Among the cases recently reported is a landgrant suit in which the certificate was issued to John Gibney in 1836 by the Republic of Texas. Fifty-two years later the widow of John Giboney claimed the land, saying that the original grantee had been her husband. She succeeded in establishing her claim in spite of the lapse of years, and one of the points decided was that Giboney and Gibney sounded near enough alike to overcome any objection founded on the difference of spelling. When, however, a deed was signed "F. W. Chandler" and the notarial certificate was that "T. W. Chandler" acknowledged the document the variance was considered important and the deed set aside. A man accused of murder was indicted in Louisiana for the murder of Edmund Rembell. The copy of the indictment served upon him charged him with killing Edmund Kembell. He was tried, convicted and sentenced, but the Louisiana Supreme Court has recently granted him a new trial on the ground that an incorrect copy of the indictment was served. A new trial was also granted to Turner Clements, who was convicted of allowing his cattle to go on the inclosed land of some other owner. The indictment or information was against "Clements Turner," but when the witnesses began to testify the name was discovered to be "Turner Clements," and by that name the proceedings were carried on until the verdict was recorded.—[New York Tribune.

Executions in China.

"For the minor offences the punishment in China is beating on the mouth with a bamboo," says a traveler who has just returned from the Flowery Kingdom. "It is terrible to see the mouths of women swell as the cane is laid on, and of men too. When sent to jail they must supply their own food and that of the jailer, or they are allowed to starve. If they have not sufficient blankets they are allowed to freeze to death. There are different methods of execution. One is what would correspond with our hanging, but it is different. The victim is put against a post and a rope is thrown around his neck. Then it is pulled till the breath of life departs. Another form of execution is that of cutting to pieces by inches, which is done when the sentence of death is for the murder of a father or mother or some other near relative. First one ear is taken off, then the other, next the tongue is taken out, and so on. A third is death by starvation. I have seen a man caged in the public streets and allowed to end his life by this method, not being permitted to touch either water or food. Sometimes a small boy will bring him a little opium, which helps to lessen the suffering and brings about a more speedy death.

"The most common form is taking off the head by the sword, and the extraordinary nerve of these Chinese is shown in this more than any other. I have seen two beheaded, one placed before the other. It took three strokes of the sword to kill the first, and while the operation was going on the second knelt down with his neck outstretched waiting his turn. Thinking that the process was slow, he turned to the executioner and asked if he were going to be much longer with the first. Then, when the executioner came to him, he stretched his neck again and waited for the blow which completely severed his head from his body. —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women Make Poor Smugglers.

Mrs. Weltman, a Customs Inspectress, says women smugglers are less numerous now than they were a few years ago. It is rather more difficult for them to cheat the Government than most people think, and if any contraband are brought into this country without tolls being paid upon them they are of very little value. We can tell in a minute whether a woman passenger has any valuables concealed about her person, because women are nervous and give themselves away. I can easily pick out a women who has some taxable property concealed about her. No matter how experienced she may be, she becomes flustered if a penetrating look is aimed at her dress. She colors up and acts as if she were ill at ease.

"It is a funny thing, but true, that a female smuggler can be detected by glancing at her feet and then looking suddenly up into her face. If she has diamonds, laces or any smuggled articles concealed about her she will turn all the colors of the rainbow. If not she simply looks at you inquiringly and then at her feet. The story printed the other day about a woman smuggling $30,000 worth of diamonds in the beak of a pelican is all rot. The very fact that a woman had such a pet and cared for it, as she naturally would in view of its value, would excite suspicion, and then a thorough investigation would follow."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Sandwich Islands Tipple.

G. F. Burrell, of California, says that while the Sandwich Islanders know nothing of what we call whiskey, they have a fluid which can discount any corn juice in existence. It is called kava or yaquona. The method of production is so simple and the ingredients so cheap and plentiful that the stimulant is within the reach of all. A man with a shovel, a little water and a plantain leaf can secure a drink and be drunk within a quarter of an hour. The principal thing used in the manufacture of kava is a pepper-producing root, which is plentiful. He who aspires to intoxication has only to dig up a root and masticate it until it is soft enough to allow its juices to exude. Then he places it upon a plantain leaf and pours a little water over it, and his toddy is ready for business. Milk used in place of water makes a more palatable but no less effective a drink. There is no fermentation and the liquor is as good immediately after its production as it would be if kept 100 years. Its effects are almost immediate and last for ten or twelve hours, and even longer in persons who are not accustomed to the use of kava.

Striped winter fabrics are made up quite on the bias, and, as a rule, there is nothing but three "baby" frills or a tiny puff of silk or roll of fur at the hem. There are also seen three spaced bands of fur on cloth skirts.

Different Kinds of Buffalo.

The buffalo is evidently a whole-souled creature, for many hunters have seen the common domesticated calves of the frontier farms standing patiently waiting for a buffalo to dig a place in the snow and when he had accomplished his task the calves would eat the grass fearlessly, sharing, as by right, the fruits of their huge companion's toil. Hunters have often been saved by buffaloes from a terrible death from thirst, says the Illustrated American. The buffalo, like the camel and the elephant, has the power of taking a large amount of water into his body, and depositing it in the reticulum, or cells of the honeycombed department of the stomach, until needed. The hunters, therefore, when their vessels are empty, and they see no sign of a stream within a day's travel, promptly slay the first buffalo that comes in view, for the sake of the water which they know will be found in the usual situation. The bonasus, or zubr buffalo, found in the Russian forest of Bialowikza, has a very peculiar trait. It gives forth a powerful and very pleasant odor, which partakes equally of musk and violet. This really delicious perfume is found to penetrate the whole of the body, to a certain extent, but it is exhaled most powerfully from the skin and hair which cover the upper part of the forehead. The zubr in appearance is very much like our American buffalo, but the hair on the head and shoulders is more tightly curled and not so rough or long. To preserve this really magnificent animal in perfection it is protected by the most rigid forest laws.

The yak, a curious species of buffalo, which is found in western Thibet, has not only the long mane reaching to the ground, but the flanks are covered with hair which reaches the ground in long, thick, silky masses. The hair of the tail is white, and the Chinese take these tails to dye red and blue, and then make tassels of them. When domesticated it needs very little care, foraging for itself and coming to be milked when called by the milk-maids, as a pet cow might do.

Ethiopian King of Kings.

King Menelik, of Abyssinia, has astonished the rulers of Europe by serving on them a general notice of "Keep Off this Plat!" He did not in so many words add, "Beware of the dog," or "The bull is dangerous," but that is the purport of his circular, and his self confidence is simply sublime. He signs his circular thus:

"Lion Conqueror of the Tribe of Judah, Menelik, Chosen by God, King of Kings of Ethiopia."

He announced that the time has come for him to re-establish the ancient limits from the sea to Nyanza and Khartoum, including all the Galla country. "I do not," he adds, "propose to be an indifferent spectator while foreign powers are dividing Africa among themselves," and concludes with a hope that Jesus Christ will dispose the hearts of the Europeans so that they will be reasonable and stay away.

Nenelik II. is a son of King Haelou, who reigned in the south of the country, so by the union of the two powers and conquest of much other territory he is the most powerful ruler the nation ever had. His army consists of about 100,000 men, of whom 40,000 are armed in the best European fashion, with repeating rifles, a mitrailleuse and rifled cannon. Abyssinia also manufactures its own powder, so the agreement of European powers to keep warlike materials out of interior Africa has no effect there.

Menelik is the son of a beggar woman whom his father took a fancy for, and she still lives in great honor, the mother of the most powerful monarch in Africa. The King is an ardent advocate of introducing European civilization, and to encourage his people mastered the trade of clockmaking and also learned enough about gunnery to put together his mitrailleuse. His country is among the most interesting in the world. For ages it was a sort of Christian island in an ocean of paganism, and the claims of its Kings to direct descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba have often been matters of inquiry, song and romance.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

The Wonderful Paradise Fish.

The oddest of all piscatorial rarities is the Paradise fish of China. Like the German canary and one or two other species of bird and fish, this little finny beauty is the product of cultivation only, there being no place in the world where it is found in a wild state. In the land of the dragon they are kept and cultivated in ornamental aquariums, each succeeding generation of the little oddities exhibiting more diversified colors. The male is the larger of the two sexes, measuring, when full grown, 3½ inches. The body is shaped very much like that of a common pumpkin-seed sun-fish its color surpassing in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium. The head of Macropodus (that's his generic name) is ashy gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azurine blue, bordered with brilliant crimson. The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent-shaped caudal fin are deep crimson, the former having from ten to twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The upper surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray, black or blue. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence its generic name; Macro, large; podus, fin or foot. Both fins are shaped alike, and are striped with brown and bordered with a bright blue. The dull-colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet-colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the body of the fin. The pectoral fins are well-shaped, but transparent and colorless.—[St. Louis Republic.

Sun "Fast" and Sun "Slow."

The sun's time is too fast by clock time on November 2 by sixteen minutes and twenty seconds, and on February 12 it is slow by nearly 14½ minutes. There are only four days during the year when sun time and clock time agree, viz.: April 15, June 15, September 1 and December 24. There is also a slight difference between the rising, midday and setting, varying with the longitude, but this is so small as to be hardly perceptible. Most almanacs give the apparent time of the sun's rising and setting, making the proper allowances for atmospheric refraction. The difference between the actual and apparent rising and setting of the sun also varies with the latitude where observations are being made. In this latitude this difference is set down at about the width of the sun's diameter, which is about thirty-two minutes of a degree.—[St. Louis Republic.

How Harry Found the Calf.

One evening little seven-year-old Harry started to hunt the cows in the wood pasture only a short distance from the house, and as he went past a clump of bushes he saw something that made his little heart jump for joy. What do you suppose it was? A dear little Jersey calf almost hidden from sight under the green leaves. "Oh, the dear little thing! I've found a little calf! I've found a little calf!" he cried, and he sat down by the little soft-eyed beauty, and lovingly stroked its silky ears, and patted it on the head, saying to himself, "Oh, if sister Nellie were only here; but I am going to take it home; so get up little calfy, you dear little thing." Just then something happened. Little mamma Jersey thought it was time to see if her baby was all safe, and when she found an awful boy sitting by it she just lowered her head and knocked poor little Harry around like a foot-ball for a moment, until he caught up a big stick, then he began to pay her back. He said afterwards he "would have brought that calf home or died." He drove the cow and calf home to the barnyard gate, where the other cows were waiting, and one of them, little black Susie, was so so taken with the pine-colored little stranger, that (to use Harry's words) she almost had a fit over it. As he went to open the gate the Jersey made another dash for him, knocking him down again, and rolling over him, stepped on his back; if some one in the house had not heard his screams and ran to his assistance, he would most likely have been badly hurt. She was a very little cow and had been dishorned, and no one thought of her being cross or knew she had a little calf. Harry, telling his mamma about it after she had rubbed his bruises with arnica and pitied him to heart's content, said, between sobs,—"The mean old thing! It was no more her calf than it was mine, for I found it first, and she just took it away from me, and even poor Blackey wanted it as bad as I did. The mean, hateful thing! Never mind, she shant have the next calf I find." Poor Harry carried the print of Jersey's foot on his back for some time. And he still claims the pretty fat little "Bossie."—[Farm, Field and Stockman.

Two Kinds of Horse Treatment.

Looking from my window upon West Chester (Penn.) Park, where a new building is being erected, I saw a large, heavy wagon loaded with brick, which the driver was vainly trying to back up where the workmen were waiting for them. The horses struggled, the driver lashed them, and the other men helped push the wheels. The driver became very violent, swore at the horses, one of which seemed balky, and both exhausted. Faster fell the blows, but still they reared and plunged to no purpose. Finally a happy thought seemed to occur to the driver. He threw down the reins, descended from his seat, went up to one horse and then to the other, patted their heads, stroked their necks, and finally went to his dinner-pail in the box of the wagon, got out a big red apple, cut it in two with his knife, gave half to each horse, waited patiently until they had eaten it, and then mounted the box again and picked up the reins. One horse put his head over the other's neck, as much as to say, "Let's see if we can do it," and when the driver tightened up the reins and spoke to them, with one tremendous push the horses sent the wagon back to the desired spot. If the teamsters in our city could have seen these horses, no one would ever think of lifting his whip to his team again. It was a lesson to us all.—[Our Dumb Animals.

Wrecked by a Mirage.

A mirage in the Caribbean Sea was the cause of the total loss of the American barkentine Steadfast, while bound from Port of Spain to Philadelphia with a cargo of street paving asphalt. When the Steadfast sighted the lofty peaks of St. Croix the atmosphere assumed a peculiar light color, and it became impossible to detect the sky from the island, everything assuming a similar shade and color, resembling the cirro-stratus clouds, hiding the entire lower portion of the island. The peaks and mountain tops appeared to be twenty miles away. The tops of the mountains seemed to be inverted, the tall cocoanuts appearing to grow from sky to earth. The sugar grinding mills were pouring their smoke downward, and the workmen working upside down. The Steadfast was kept under easy sail and perfect control. Everything went well until a grinding sound was heard and a sudden tremor went through the ship. The vessel crashed over the reefs and was soon fast on the rocks of the shore where the wreck still remains. The mirage made the island appear twenty miles away.—[Chicago Post.

In the Grand Canal, Venice.

Nowhere else in the wide world is there such a sight. A double row of creamy white palaces tiled in red and topped with quaint chimneys. Overhanging balconies of marble bursting with flowers, with gay awnings above and streaming shadows below. Two lines of narrow quays crowded with people flashing bright bits of color in the blazing sun. Swarms of gondolas, barcos, and lesser water-spiders darting in and out. Lazy red-sailed luggers melon-loaded with crinkled green shadows crawling beneath their bows; while at the far end over the glistening highway, headed with people, curves the beautiful bridge—an ivory arch against a turquoise sky.—[Scribner

A Dog With a Memory.

A lively demonstration of canine reasoning occurred at Keeler last week. A small brown dog with a most intelligent head, familiarly known to the lower country residents as Barney, has been in the habit for a long time past of following the Darwin stage, never missing a trip. Changing the drivers makes no difference; he clings to the route and not the man. On off days he occasionally makes a visit to Cerro Gordo, and doing so recently was set upon and whipped by a dog there. Attached to Boland's store at Keeler is a big strong dog that has quite a reputation as a scrapper. On the morning of the next Cerro Gordo trip Barney was noticed playing with the big dog. When the stage started Barney followed, and as his companion seemed averse to going he would run back and play, then forward, and finally persuaded the fighting dog into going too. Arriving in Cerro Gordo the little dog made a dash at his former vanquisher. John L. "stood in" and the bully was soundly thrashed. Barney wore a broad grin of satisfaction when he returned to Keeler, but he does not visit Cerro Gordo any more.—[Inyo (Cal.) Independent.

Breathe Pure Air.

With these statements in mind, I remembered some curious facts of my own experience in the army in 1862 and 1863. I was not strong, and indeed was hardly fit to be in the army at all. And when I found myself exposed all day long to a steady rain, and at night to the outdoor air, with no fire, no change of clothing, no shelter but a canvas covering at both ends, through which the rain dripped constantly, it seemed certain that the "death o' cold" so often predicted must surely follow. Why it did not follow was more of a mistery then, however, than it is now. For I was in a place where the art of man no longer excluded one of the prime principles of health. I breathed pure air because I could not help it. During a service of fifteen months, with severe exposures, but fresh air constantly, the same immunity from colds prevailed. I remembered, too, that when I came home from the army the blessing and the curse—at least one of the curses of civil life—came back together. I had comfortable rooms to eat, breathe, and sleep in on the one hand, but very soon, colds, sore throats, and related troubles on the other.—[Popular Science Monthly.

A Sacred Vase.

For the last six hundred years there has been preserved in the Cathedral of Genoa an emerald vase of hexagonal shape. Its principal diameter measures 12½ inches and its height 5¼ inches. This article is secured under several locks, the keys of which are in different hands. It is but rarely exhibited in public, and that only on a decree of the Senate.

When brought out for exhibition the vessel is slung to the neck of the officiating priest by means of a card fastened to both its handles, and he never allows it to pass out of his hands. By an ancient decree of the 24th May, 1476, it is forbidden to touch this vase or go too near it.

During the siege of Genoa, in 1319, this vase was pledged to Cardinal Luc de Fresque for 1,200 gold marks, but it was subsequently redeemed. A citizen of Genoa has written a book in order to prove that this vessel was a gift presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba. —[La Curiosite Universelle.

The Uses of Soapstone.

The mineral commonly known as soapstone, from its soapy or greasy feeling, or by the proper name of talc, is a silicate of magnesia, and a soft, white, or greenish mineral that has some valuble uses in the arts. The purest quality is the pure white, which is ground into the finest flour and used for adulterating candy, for mixing with fine paper pulp, and for the plastering of the inside walls of houses. The darker colored, impure stone is used for the lining of stoves and furnaces, griddles, and other domestic purposes for which an incombustible substance is required. The best quality is used by tailors for marking patterns on cloth, and is commonly known as French chalk. The mineral is abundant and is not of much value. The common price of it is $10 per ton in the rough.—[New York Times.

Electrical Fire-Extinguishing.

In a new fire-extinguishing system, the building is provided with a chemical reservoir, from which pipes lead to a jar of acid near the ceiling of each room. The jar also contains a cartridge connected with an open circuit battery. The thermostat in each room is set at any desired point—say 80 degrees—and in case of fire the mercury rises to that point and closes the electric circuit. This explodes the cartridge, a valve drops, the chemicals are precipitated in the room, and the number of the room is signalled. This arrangement is supplemented by a series of dry pipes and, in case the chemicals fail to put out the fire, the room can be flooded with water by turning a cock on the outside of the building.—[Trenton (N. J.) American.

The Pretty Girls of 'Frisco.

Permit me to allude to the beautiful women of San Francisco. I have seen them as they moved along with the passing show arrayed in the height of fashion. One cannot help but notice their exceptionally graceful carriage. My, my! what style, what beauty, what splendor! Is it any wonder that man bows down before them and worships? It is a grand sight to pass down one of these 'Frisco streets on a pretty day and feast thine eyes upon me lady and inhale the delicious breath of the lovely flowers she wears at her breast, for everybody here wears flowers—here in this sunny land of flowers the air is laden with their odor.—[Chattanooga Times.

Ex-Senator Edmunds is only sixty-two, but is a very old looking man.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The New Year."

TEXT: "*This year thou shalt die.*"—Jeremiah xxviii., 16.

Jeremiah, accustomed to saying bold things, addressed Hananiah in these words. They proved true. In sixty days Hananiah had departed this life.

This is the first Sabbath of the year. It is a time for review and for anticipation. A man must be a genius at stupidity who does not think now. The old year died in giving birth to the new, as the life of Jane Seymour, the English queen, departed when that of her son, Edward VI., dawned. The old year was a queen. The new shall be a king. The grave of the one and the cradle of the other are side by side. We can hardly guess what the child will be. It is only two days old, but I prophesy for it an eventful future. Year of mirth and madness! Year of pageant and conflagration! It will laugh; it will sing, it will groan; it will die.

Is it not a time for earnest thought? The congratulations have been given. The Christmas trees have been taken down or have well nigh cast their fruit. The friends who came for the holidays are gone in the rail train. While we are looking forward to another twelve months of intense activities the text breaks upon us like a bursting thunderhead, "This year thou shalt die!"

The text will probably prove true of some of us. The probability is augmented by the fact that all of us who are over thirty-five years of age have gone beyond the average of human life. The note is more than due. It is only by sufference that it is not collected. We are like a debtor who is taking the "three days' grace" of the banks. Our race started with nine hundred years for a lifetime. We read of but one antediluvian youth whose early death disappointed the hopes of his parents by dying at seven hundred and seventy-seven years of age. The world then may have been ahead of what it is now, for men had so long a time in which to study and invent and plan.

If an artist or a philosopher has forty years for work, he makes great achievements; but what must the artists and philosophers have done who had nine hundred years before them? In the nearly two thousand years before the flood, considering the longevity of the inhabitants, there may have been nearly as many people as there are now. The flood was not a freshet, that washed a few people off a plank, but a disaster that may have swept away a thousand million. If the Atlantic Ocean by a turn of the earth to-night should drown this hemisphere and the Pacific Ocean by a sudden turn of the earth should drown the other hemisphere, leaving about as many beings as could be got in one or two ocean steamers, it would give you an idea of what the ancient flood was.

At that time God started the race with a shorter allowance of life. The nine hundred years were hewn down until, in the time of Vespasian, a census was taken and only one hundred and twenty-four persons were found one hundred years old and three or four persons one hundred and forty years old. Now a man who has come to one hundred years of age is a curiosity, and we go miles to see him. The vast majority of the race passes off before twenty years. To every apple there are five blossoms that never get to be apples. In the country church the sexton rings the bell rapidly until almost through and then tolls it. For awhile the bell of our life rings right merrily, but with some of you the bell has begun to toll, and the adaptedness of the text to you is more and more probable, "This year thou shalt die."

The character of our occupations adds to the probability. Those who are in the professions are undergoing a sapping of the brain and nerve foundations. Literary men in this country are driven with whip and spur to their topmost speed. Not one brain worker out of a hundred observes any moderation. There is something so stimulating in our climate that if John Brown, the essayist of Edinburgh, had lived here, he would have broken down at thirty-five instead of fifty-five, and Charles Dickens would have dropped at forty. There is something in all our occupations which predisposes to disease. If we be stout, to disorders ranging from fevers to apoplexy. If we be frail, to diseases ranging from consumption to paralysis. Printers rarely reach fifty years. Watchmakers, in marking the time for others, shorten their own. Chemists breathe death in their laboratories, and potters absorb paralysis. Painters fall under their own brush. Journeymen take death in with the fillings. Shoemakers pound away their own lives on the last. Overdriven merchants measure off their own lives with the yardstick. Millers grind their own lives with the grist. Masons dig their own graves with the trowel. And in all our occupations and professions there are the elements of peril.

Rapid climatic changes threaten our lives. By reason of the violent fits of the thermometer, within two days we live both in the arctic and the tropic. The warm south wind finds us with our furs on. The wintry blast cuts through our thin apparel. The hoof, the wheel, the firearm, the assassin, wait their chance to put upon us their quietus. I announce it as an impossibility that three hundred and sixty-five days should pass and leave us all as we now are. In what direction to shoot the arrow I know not, and so I shoot it at a venture. "This year thou shalt die."

In view of this, I advise that you have your temporal matters adjusted. Do not leave your wordly affairs at the mercy of administrators. Have your receipts properly pasted, and your letters filed, and your books balanced. If you have "trust funds," see that they are rightly deposited and accounted for. Let no widow or orphan scratch on your tombstone, "This man wronged me of my inheritance." Many a man has died leaving a competency, whose property has, through his own carelessness, afterward been divided between the administrators, the surrogate, the lawyers and the sheriffs. I charge you, before many days have gone, as far as possible, have all your worldly matters made straight, for "This year thou shalt die." I advise, also that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. If the text be true of you it does not say at what time you may go, and therefore it is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts, what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the church and the world? You will not, through all the ages of eternity in heaven, get over the dishonor and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class; that Daniel Baker, the evangelist, took thousands into heaven; that Doddridge has taken in hundreds of thousands; that Paul took in a hundred millions. How many will you take in? If you get into heaven and find none there that you sent and that there are none to come through your instrumentality, I beg of you to crawl under some seat in the back corner and never come out lest the redeemed get their eyes on you and some one cry out, "That is the man who never lifted hand or voice for the redemption of his fellows. Look at him, all heaven!" Better be busy. Better put the plow in deep. Better say what you have to say quickly. Better cry the alarm. Better fall on your knees. Better lay hold with both hands. What you now leave undone for Christ will forever be undone. "This year thou shalt die."

In view of the probabilities mentioned, I advise all the men and women not ready for eternity to get ready. If the text be true, you have no time to talk about non-essentials, asking why God let sin come into the world; or whether the book of Jonah is inspired; or who Melchisedec was; or what about the eternal decrees. If you are as near eternity as some of you seem to be, there is no time for anything but the question, "What must I do to be saved?" The drowning man, when a plank is thrown him, stops not to ask what sawmill made it, or whether it is oak or cedar, or who threw it. The moment it is thrown, he clutches it. If this year you are to die, there is no time for anything but immediately laying hold to God. It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of the finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveler's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergences from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning; but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

A man crossing a desolate and lonely plateau, a hungry wolf took after him. He brought his gun to his shoulder and took aim, and the wolf howled with pain, and the cry woke up a pack of wolves, and they came ravening out of the forest from all sides and horribly devoured him. Thou art the man. Some one sin of your life summoning on all the rest, they surround thy soul and make the night of thy sin terrible with the assault of their bloody muzzles. Oh, the unpardoned, clamoring, ravening, all devouring sins of thy lifetime!

A maniac was found pacing along the road with a torch in one hand and a pail of water in the other, and some one asked him what he meant to do with them. He answered, "With this torch I mean to burn down heaven, and with this water I mean to put out the fires of hell." He was a maniac. He could do the one thing just as well as he could do the other. No time to lose if you want to escape your sins for "This year thou shalt die."

Let me announce that Christ, the Lord, stands ready to save any man who wants to be saved. He waited for you all last year, and all the year before, and all your life. He has waited for you with blood on His brow and tears in His eye, and two outstretched, mangled hands of love.

You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front step. You hasten in and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you cannot do enough for the rescuer. You throw your arms around him. You offer him any compensation. You say to him: "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul sinking, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse Him thanks, but stand on the beach and say, "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself."

I wish you might know what a job Jesus undertook when He carried your cross to Calvary. They crowded Him to the wall. They struck Him. They spat on Him. They kicked Him. They cuffed Him. They scoffed at Him. They scourged Him. They murdered Him. Blood! blood! As He stoops down to lift you up the crimson drops upon you from His brow, from His side, from His hands. Do you not feel the warm current on your face? Oh, for thee the hunger, the thirst, the thorn sting, the suffocation, the struggle, the death.

A great plague came in Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation and decided that a corpse must be dissected or they would never know how to stop the plague. A Dr. Guyon said, "To-morrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body; wrote out the results of the dissection and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self sacrifice you say. Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven and saw a plague stricken race. Sin must be dissected. He made His will, giving everything to His people. He comes down into the reeking hospital of earth. He lays His hand to the work. Under our plague He dies—the healthy for the sick, the pure for the polluted, the innocent for the guilty. Behold the love! Behold the sacrifice! Behold the rescue!

Decide on this first Sabbath of the year whether or not you will have Jesus. He will not stand forever begging for your love. With some here His pleadings right speedily. "This year thou shalt die."

This great salvation of the Gospel I now offer to every man, woman and child. You cannot buy it. You cannot earn it. A Scotch writer says that a poor woman one cold winter's day looked through the window of a king's conservatory and saw a bunch of grapes hanging against the glass. She said, "Oh, if I only had that bunch of grapes for my sick child at home!" At her spinning wheel she earned a few shillings and went to buy the grapes. The king's gardner thrust her out very roughly, and said he had no grapes to sell. She went off and sold a blanket and got some more shillings, and came back and tried to buy the grapes. But the gardener roughly assaulted her and told her to be off. The king's daughter was walking in the garden at the time, and she heard the excitement, and seeing the poor woman, said to her, "My father is not a merchant to sell, but he is a king and gives." Then she reached up and plucked the grapes and dropped them in the poor woman's apron. So Christ is a king, and all the fruits of His pardon He freely gives. They may not be bought. Without money and without price, take this sweet cluster from the vineyards of God.

I am coming to the close of my sermon. I sought for a text appropriate for the occasion. I thought of taking one in Job: "My days fly as a weaver's shuttle;" of a text in Psalms: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" of the prayer of the vine dresser: "Lord, let it alone this year also;" but pressed upon my attention first of all, and last of all, and above all, were the words: "This year thou shalt die."

Perhaps it may mean me. Though in perfect health now, it does not take God one week to bring down the strongest physical constitution. I do not want to die this year. We have plans and projects on foot that I want to see completed; but God knows best, and He has a thousand better men than I to do the work yet undone. I have a hope that, notwithstanding all my sins and wanderings, I shall, through the infinite mercy of my Saviour, come out at the right place. I have nothing to brag of by way of Christian experience; but two things I have learned—my utter helplessness before God and the all abounding grace of the Lord Jesus. If the text means some of you, my hearers, I do not want you to be caught unprepared. I would like to have you, either through money you had laid up or a "life insurance," be able to leave the world feeling that your family need not become paupers. But if you have done your best and you leave not one dollar's worth of estate, you may confidently trust the Lord who hath promised to care for the widow and fatherless. I would like to have your soul fitted out for eternity, so that if any morning or noon or evening or night of these three hundred and sixty-five days death should look in and ask, "Are you ready?" you might, with an outburst of Christian triumph, answer, "Aye, aye! all ready."

I know not what our last words may be. Lord Chesterfield prided himself on his politeness, and said in his last moment, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Dr. Adam, a dying schoolmaster, said: "It grows dark. The boys may dismiss." Lord Tenterden, supposing himself on the bench of a court-room, said in his last moment, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." A dying play actor said: "Drop the curtain. The farce is played out." I would rather have for my dying words those of one greater than Chesterfield or Dr. Adam or Lord Tenterden: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me."

The sooner the last hour comes the better if we are fitted for entrance in the celestial world. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while the cohort will heave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist, and with an embrace, wild with the ecstacy of heaven, old friends meet again. Away with your stiff, formal heaven! I want none of it. Give me a place of infinite and eternal sociality. My feet free from the clods of earth, I shall bound the hills with gladness and break forth in a laugh of triumph. Aha! aha! We weep now, but then we shall laugh. "Abraham's bosom" means that heaven has open arms to take us in. Now we fold our arms over our heart, and tell the world to stand back, as though our bosom was a two barred gate to keep the world out. Heaven stands not with folded arms, but with heart open. It is "Abraham's bosom." I see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years' absence. The child died twenty years ago but it is a child yet.

I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. It would be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead and clap their hands and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting. The child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are, my darling!" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a happy place, and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind. I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The temple is so beautiful, mother! Come, take me up in your arms as you used to." Oh! I do not know how we shall stand the first day in heaven. Do you not think we will break down in the song from overdelight? I once gave out in church the hymn:

> There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,

and an aged man standing in front of the pulpit sang heartily the first verse and then he sat down weeping. I said to him afterward, "Father Linton, what made you cry over that hymn?" He said, "I could not stand it—the joys that are coming." When heaven rises for the doxology I cannot see how we can rise with it if all these waves of everlasting delight come upon the soul—billow of joy after billow of joy. Methinks Jesus would be enough for the first day in heaven, yet here He approaches with all heaven at His back!

But I must close this sermon. This is the last January to some who are present. You have entered the year, but you will not close it. Within these twelve months your eyes will shut for the last sleep. Other hands will plant the Christmas tree and give the New Year's congratulations. As a proclamation of joy to some and as a warning to others, I leave in your ears these five words of one syllable each, "This year thou shalt die!"

Railroad Statistics.

The railway mileage in the United States is 163,597.05 miles. Michigan shows the largest increase within the last year. The total length of track for the United States, including all tracks, sidings and spurs, is 209,060.67 miles. The number of railway corporations is 1797.

The total number of locomotives in the United States is 29,928. The number of cars used is 1,164,138.

The number of tons of freight carried one mile per freight engine is 4,721,627, and the number of passengers carried one mile per passenger engine is 1,413,142.

The total number of men employed on the railways is 749,301.

The 155,404.06 miles of line which are made the basis of statistics are represented by railway capital to the amount of $9,459,444,175, which is equivalent to $60,481 per mile of line. Assuming that the remaining mileage is capitalized at the same rate the total capitalization of railroad property in the United States would be $9,894,483,400. The increase in railway capital for the last year is $444,263,798.

The total number of persons reported by railways as killed during the past year was 6320, and the number injured was 20,034. Of the killed, 2415 were employes, 285 passengers, and 3584 were classed as "other persons." The latter included a large number of suicides. Of the injured, 22,390 were employes, 2444 passengers, besides 4200 unclassified. The largest number of casualties occur to men engaged directly in handling trains.

Railway travel is found to be the least safe in the States south of the Potomac and Ohio Rivers.

The express companies of this country pay to railways as rents $20,207,711 a year. They are in reality engaged in the business of quick delivery of freight, and as such should be amenable to control.—*Troy (N. Y.) Standard.*

The Kilkenny Cats.

During the rebellion in Ireland in 1803 Kilkenny was garrisoned by a troop of Hessian soldiers, who amused themselves in barracks by tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them across a clothes line to fight. The officers hearing of the cruel practice, resolved to stop it, and deputed one of their number to watch. The soldiers, on their part, set a man to watch for the coming officer. One day the sentinel neglected his duty, and the heavy tramp of the officer was heard ascending the stairs. One of the troopers, seizing a sword, cut the tails in two as the animals hung across the line. The two cats escaped, minus their tails, through the window, and when the officer inquired the meaning of the two bleeding tails being left in the room, he was coolly told that two cats had been fighting and had devoured each other all but their tails.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BATTLE OF BIRDS.

How Two Wrens Fought Two Blue Birds and Whipped Them.

In Silver Lake Township, Pennsylvania, a two-story stone milk-house has been standing for more than fifty years. When the masons built it they knocked the mouth from an old earthen jug, and cemented the jug into the solid wall toward the peak, leaving the open end on the outside of the wall. The kind-hearted workmen put the jug there for a purpose, and every summer since then wrens have built their nests in it.

This season a pair of blue-birds got there a few hours before the wrens did, took possession of the jug without any ceremony, and began to carry bits of straw and dried grass into it, flying out and in again every fifteen or twenty minutes. Toward noon a pair of wrens flitted into the yard, and flew around the milk-house two or three times. Then they made a dive for the opening in the old jug, darted into it, and soon flew out squalling spitefully. The reason why they did this was because they found one of the blue birds in there, very busy fixing things up inside. The surprised blue bird followed the wrens, and then a feathered warfare began that lasted for two hours. Finding a stranger in a home that had been occupied by wrens for half a century made the little wrens mad all over. They pitched into the blue bird and tried to drive it away, piping and screeching as they fought. For a time the blue bird battled with the wrens; but the two were more than a match for it, and it retired to a tree. While it was perched there the wrens flew into the jug, and started to drag out the straw and stuff the blue birds had carried in.

The wrens were busy cleaning out the jug when the blue bird on the tree was joined by its mate. All at once they flew in a straight line for the jug. They darted into it like a flash, and in a second the wrens came out as though they had been fired. They had not been cowed by the larger birds, however, for they immediately turned, darted into the jug, and drove the blue birds out. Then the four birds had it back and forth among the trees for half an hour, neither party entering the jug while the battle lasted.

Finally they stopped fighting, and each side began to carry things into the jug. The wrens made two trips while the blue birds made one, and late in the afternoon the wrens had filled the jug so full of twigs that the blue birds could not get in. There was room for the wrens to go in and out, and they held the fort against their bigger foes, who made several attempts to tear the barrier of twigs away but without success. Toward sundown the birds flew away and never came back; and the wrens have had possession of the jug ever since.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Ready-Made Pavement.

A kind of bituminous rock which is found in several places in California is being extensively used for street pavements in that state. These pavements are very like the asphalt pavements in New York and other eastern cities, such as that in Wall street. The only difference between the two materials is said to be that asphalt is a manufactured article made of bitumen and sand, while the rock has practically the same elements naturally combined.

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Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be beneficial one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

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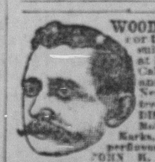
THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and always effectual. Available remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Liver Trouble, Dizziness, Disordered Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence, Female complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Nausea, Nettle Rash, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Poor Blood, Pallid Complexion, Salt Rheum, Sick Headache, Skin Diseases, Sour Stomach, Tired Feeling, Torpid Liver, Ulcers, Water Brash, Worms, and every other disease that results from impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking one tablet after each meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. 1 gross $2., 1-2 gross $1.25, 1-4 gross 70c., 1-24 gross 15 cents. Sent by mail postage paid. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, P. O. Box 672, New York.

BNU 2

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the cheapest pass for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

JONES' SCALES — THE BEST — FULLY WARRANTED 5 TON SCALES $60 FREIGHT PAID Address JONES of BINGHAMTON, N.Y.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. Result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or by mail, 50c. Sample Cake and 32 p. book on Dermatology and Beauty, illust'd, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood disease and their treatment, sent sealed for 10c. also DISFIGUREMENTS like BIRTH MARKS, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed. JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42d Street, N. Y. City. Consultation free, at office or by letter. Agent wanted in each place.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation. Send to E. W. Gold, N.Y., for Samples of

PIERRE Will be the next young city to surprise you with a wonderful growth. She is the most promising city of her size in the United States. Besides a large extent of fertile lands, there are worlds of wealth in minerals tributary to her, including immense deposits of **Coal, Iron, Tin, Lead, Silver & Gold.** Two railroads are now building, and three others have lately surveyed into Pierre. The harvest of 1891 is the greatest ever known. **Now is THE Time** certainly to invest. Correspondence solicited. For further information address CHAS. L. HYDE, Pierre, S. Dak.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. LAWN TENNIS, BASE BALL, Guns RIFLES, FISHING TACKLE, TENTS

BOYS' and GIRLS' 22 in Safety, Brake, Rod Cranks, $11.00
BOYS' and GIRLS' 26 in., adjustable Cone Bearings, 20.00
GENTS' and LADIES' 28 in., Ball Bearings, 46.25
GENTS' or LADIES' 24 in., Ball Bearings, 52.50
GENTS' or LADIES' 30 in., Ball Bearings all over, 64.00

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JAN. 14.

TRIAL LIST.

For January Court, Commencing Monday, January 25, 1892.

The following is the trial list of cases for next court, January term, beginning Monday January 25th.

Dr. S. F. Lytle vs. Levi Munson' adm'r.
John Idding vs. J. Irvin Wagner.
E. P. Sweeny vs. Moses Owen.
James Duck vs. Huyett Meyer & Co.
Ohio Provision Co. vs. J. L. M'Lanen.
Frank Reece, vs. Thompson Reece.
Thompson Reece vs. Frank Reece.
W. T. Lingle vs. Stoner, Gettig & Co.
W. M. Walker vs. Angeline Miller.
E. A. Glenn & Co. vs. Mrs. L. Armstrong.
David Hampton vs. J. S. Wagner.
S. R. Pringle vs. Poor Overseers of Taylor twp.
E. A. Glenn & Co. vs. E. Williams.
Wm. Grove vs. William Witmer.
W. E. Hendrixson,, use of Keichline vs. Geo. Roble and wife.
John F. Potter vs. Wm. Spangler.
O. C. Gates vs. W. R. Miller estate.
Wm. Wood & Co. vs, S. F. Lyle.

TRIAL LIST—2ND WEEK.

John Liggett vs. Lehigh Valley Coal Company.
M. W. Cowrick vs. Bellefonte Glass Company.
D. W. Herring vs. A. W. Hoover, wife et al.
Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs. Henry Crosby, et al.
George Rennstone vs. Millheim Turnpike Co.
Agnes Shoemaker vs. Philipsburg School District.
E. J. Walker vs. Jas. Stiker.
W. F. Reynolds vs. Grenoble Store Co.
W. M. Cronister vs. D. J. Meyer,
Mattie E. Holt vs. Robert Cooke, Jr.
James W. Sankey vs. Samuel Sankey adm'r.
Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs Patrick Ward, Sr., et al.
Leslie E. Markle, adm'r vs. Joseph Markle:
C. C. Lance & Co. vs. Wm. R. Miller estate.
George Watson vs. Henry Spanogle.
Walter Roswell vs. John M. Ward.
Mary Royer's ex'rs vs. Henry Royer et al.
James A. Storell & Co. vs. W. H. Wilkinson & Co.
Robert Valentine vs. James Milliken.
Abraham S., George and Jacob D. Valentine, three cases, vs. same as above.
Wm. Colpetzer vs. H. J. Tressler.
Gard. of Jas. R. Waltz dec'd vs. Beech Creek R. R.
Wm. Decker vs. Joseph Markle.
John B. Hague, gard vs. G. H. Lichtenthaler.
Newport Deposit Bank vs. Harter Bros., et al.
Wm. Gainer & Co. vs. John Cottrell.
Hattie and H. P. Haupt vs. Martha Asewalt.
Rebecca V. Leathers vs H. H. Montgomery.

Little Girl Burned to Death.

About 2 o'clock on Saturday morning the 2nd inst., the dwelling house of Charles Bassett, at Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, was destroyed by fire and a little daughter of Mr. Bassett, aged about 7 years, perished in the flames. Mr. Bassett, who is a passenger engineer on the Beeck Creek railroad, was away from home when the fire occured and his family was alone in the house. They awoke in time to make their escape, but the little girl, it is supposed, became bewildered and entered a room, where the fire was raging instead of going toward an outer door, and after the flames were subdued the charred remains of the poor child were found in the ruins. One arm was completely burned off.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough Cold, or any trouble with Throat Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

An Aged Lady Dead.

Mrs. Rachel Krise, of Roland, this county, died one day this week, from pneumonia superinduced by the grip. She was 69 years old, an excellent christian woman, and leaves one son and four daughters.

Martin Grove's Death.

Mr. Martin Grove, a citizen of Boalsburg, whose age was 83 years, died on Thursday night. His death was from old age and a general breaking down of the system.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

——Oysters, Oranges and Lemons.—G. O. Benner.

——Sell your pork and beef to C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——The Boalsburg post office has been made a money order office.

——Grip is still on the increase; as fast as some recover others take it.

——There are some cases of diphtheria reported from the vicinity of Spring Mills.

——Save 20 per cent. buying Boots and shoes at—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——Jonathan Musser, of near Pinegrove Mills, died of pneumonia, on Tuesday.

——Philipsburg had a post office muddle over the removal from its old place.

——C. P. Long, Spring Mills, will save you 25 per cent. on Horse, Carriage and Bed blankets.

——Get one quick—one of those late style handsomely made overcoates at the Philad. Branch.

——Services in the Lutheran church at Centre Hall next Sunday, January 17th, at 2.30 p. m., and at Tusseyville at 10 a. m. W. E. FISCHER.

——Mr. Benjamin Stover, of Farmers Mills, while in town Wednesday, made us a pop call. Was sorry he did not prolong his stay.

——Bellefonte has been connected with the long-distance telephone, and that suburb of Centre Hall can now talk with Pittsburg and New York.

——A musical convention will be held at Fairbrook church, in Ferguson township, next week, which will have a fine programme for lovers of music.

——Charles Beck, of Sunbury, formerly of Madisonburg, is a frequent visitor in our town looking up the interests of the oil trade, which he represents.

——You certainly cannot go amiss if when in Bellefonte, you make your purchases of shoes, etc., at Powers Shoe store. A reliable firm with many years experience.

——Boalsburg, we are informed by Dr. Jacobs, has eighty-seven cases of grip. In the south precinct of Potter whole families are down with the same disease, as we are told by Dr. Emerick.

——When you want a shoe that will give you satisfaction both in price and quality, go to Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. He guarantees all goods sold and you get a genuine article.

——Mrs. Flora Bairfoot, who is in Philadelphia, visiting relatives, has been quite ill since there, from quinsy, and was confined to her bed in consequence. At present she is much improved.

——Services will be held in the Presbyterian church at Centre Hall, on next Sabbath, 17th, at 2.30 p. m. instead of in the evening, as stated in last week's issue. Sabbath school at 1.30 p. m.

——We had several days of fair sleighing from Friday of last week to Tuesday 12th, when it moderated and rain set in which continued on Wednesday, rendering it disagreeable, a sort of grip breeder.

——Plenty of grip cases are still reported from all parts of the county. The doctors are having a harvest of it. One man reports that a sure cure for grip is four gallons of good whisky. Now don't all get the grip at once.

——If in need of anything in the boot or shoe line don't forget that Mingle, Bellefonte, has the finest line in the state from which to select. He guarantees all goods and you have good returns for your money.

——Our neighbor, of the *Journal*, at Millheim, has been sending us papers very much biased, the last five weeks, partly printed and partly blank—careless pressmen or careless folders, or perhaps both. Our contemporary is now striking for his 66th milestone.

Killed by a Log.

John I. Kunes, an old citizen of Beech Creek, met with his death on Tuesday, the 5th inst., in Cameron county. He was engaged in watering a running log slide, when a log came along and jumped out of the slide; it struck him, breaking both legs, and hurting him otherwise. Mr. Kunes was aged about sixty years and had lived near Beech Creek all his life.

Was Convicted.

Joe. Killoran, who robbed the First National Bank of Lewisburg, Union county last May, was sentenced to two years, ten months and twentyone days in the penitentiary. When that sentence expires he will be tried for robbing an Easton Bank of $400.

The Biggest Man Dead.

John Deitzel, of Springfield, O., is dead very extensively. He is said to be America's biggest man, and there will be 763 pounds of him in the coffin. Three weeks ago he was married to a blooming lass weighing 582 pounds.

Death In Philipsburg.

On Monday morning D. S. Rumbarger, the ticket agent for the Pennsylvania railroad company at Philipsburg, died of inflammation of the bowels. He formerly lived in Unionville. The deceased was an excellent young man.

O for an eye more clear to see,
A mind to grasp more earnestly,
For every good intent,
That to the sick and despairing
I bring the a peerless cure.

Pan Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

To The Ladies of Centre County.

Ladies who are interested in the art of dress cutting should call at Mrs. G. S. Clements, agent and teacher at Centre Hall, for Newton's French and Tailor System of dress cutting, and receive thorough instructions without the use of patterns; also teach economy in drafting seams. This chart when understood by the seamstress, will enable her with the measurement and chart to cut any garment in ladies' and children's wear, to fit without basting it up and trying the garment-on. I will also do all kinds of sewing in ladies' wear, dresses and coats and children's wear.

17dec3m Mrs. G. S. CLEMENTS.

——Hides wanted, cash paid, by Aaron Harter, Centre Hall.

——Bargains on Overcoats.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

Warned In Time.

People will have themselves largely to blame if the horrid grip secures a foothold here this winter, The Board of Health sounded a note of warning a few days ago. Physicians all agree that with proper precautions the disease may be prevented. Aged and enfeebled persons, in fact any one whose system is run down, require a healthful stimulant just now. The medical faculty are a unit upon this point. Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" rye whiskies which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart are the purest and best stimulants known. The most skilled practitioners in the country indorse and prescribe these brands and leading hospitals use them exclusively. Major Klein also sells Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt and Bear Creek at $1 per quart or six quarts for $5. His establishment is headquarters for everything in the liquor line. Goods expressed everywhere. Send for Catalogue, mentioning this paper, to

MAX KLEIN
82 Federal St.
Allegheny City, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHAN'S Court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of William Bloom, late of Ferguson township, deceased. The undersigned an auditor appointed by said Court, "to hear the evidence state an account, ascertain the amount upon which Sallie Bloom, widow, is entitled to receive dower annually, ascertain the amount overpaid, if any, and make report of his findings in said estate, hereby given notice that he will meet all parties in interest for the purposes of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 3rd day of February, A D., at 10 o'clock, a. m. where and when all parties in interest can attend if they see proper.

C. P. HEWES.
jan14 3t Auditor.

THE SUN

Has Secured During 1892:

W. D. Howells,	H. Rider Haggard,
George Meredith,	Norman Lockyer,
Andrew Lang,	Conan Doyle,
St George Mivart,	Mark Twain,
Rudyard Kipling,	J. Chandler Harris,
R. Louis Stevenson,	William Black,
W. Clark Russell,	Mary E. Wilkins,
Frances Hodgson Burnett,	

And many other distinguished Writers.

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PENSIONS

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.

Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted address

James Tanner.

Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D C.

Send stamp for Price List.

Scines, Nets. Double Breech-Loading Shot Guns, choke-bored, $9 to $50; Single Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $5 to 25; Breech-Loading and Repeating Rifles, $7.50 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double Shot Guns, $6 to $25; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers, $1 to 10; Double-Action Self-Cockers, $2.50 to $20. Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Flasks, Powders, Primers. Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun Works, 706 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE OR RENT.—THE undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 25 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank frame house, bank barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water, adjoins the Heckman farm west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road leading to the pike. Apply or address, W. H. Horner,
Centre Hall, Pa.

SHERIFF SALES.—BY VIRTUE OF SUNdry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Fa cias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1892,

at 1.30 o'clock, P. M., the following property to wit:

All that certain messiage, tenement or lot or piece of ground situate in Bellefonte Borough, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on Linn street 15 feet east of the lot of M W. Cowdric, thence along Linn street East 65 feet to lot of late Charles F. Cook, thence along said lot North 200 feet to an alley, thence West along said alley 65 feet to a point 15 feet East of the line of said M. W. Cowdrick's lot, thence 205 feet by a line parallel with the line of M. W. Cowdrick to the place of beginning.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. C. Harper and Laura G. Harper.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement and lot or piece of ground situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the East by Spring street, on the North by Curtin street, on the South by Charles F. Cook, and on the West by an alley, said lot being situate on the South-west corner of Spring and Curtin street fronting on Spring street 50 feet and extending back along Curtin street 200 feet to an alley, being the same premises which E. W. Hale by deed dated June 30 1881, recorded in book W. No. 2 page 172. Thereon a Stone dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Charles McCafferty and Catharine McCafferty.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement or lot of ground situate in Spring township, county of Centre, and state of Penna. bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning on the South side of Water street in Bush's addition where line of lot No. 103 intersects the same, thence West along said street 50 feet to lot No. 105, thence along line of said lot South 150 feet to an alley, thence East along said alley 50 feet to line of lot No. 103, thence North along line of said lot 150 feet to place of beginning. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. W. Tate.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement or lot of ground situate in the Borough of Philipsburg, county of Centre, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on North Front street at corner of lot of Jeffry Hays, thence by Front street 33 feet to lot of Wm. Parker, thence along said lot of Wm. Parker 240 feet to North Second street, thence along said North Second street 33 feet to line of lot of Jeffry Hays, thence along said lot 240 feet to the place of beginning, being one-half of lot known and designated as No. 51 in the general plan of said borough. Thereon erected a large 3-story brick house, used as a store-room and dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Lehman.

ALSO

All defendants right, title and interest in and to a certain tract of land situated in Howard township, Centre county, Penna., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a dogwood, thence by land surveyed to Wm. Ramsey, South 47° East 135 perches to a corner, thence South 47° West 81 berches to a post; thence South 40° East 28 perches to a corner; thence by land formerly of Joseph Miles in right of Stephen Regent South 66° West 186 perches to a post by marked chestnut; thence North 40° West 30 perches to a post; thence by land of Curtin heirs North 50° East 176 perches to a corner; thence North 40° West 76 perches to a white oak; North 47° East 66 perches to the place of beginning, containing 127 acres and 68 perches more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob R. Leathers.

TERMS.—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid or arranged for in full.

W. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff's Office, Jan. 4, 1892. Sheriff.

CAUTION.—HAVING PURCHASED AT CONstable's sale, the following, the property of J. C. Collanbine: 3 horses, 1 cow, 2 calves, 4 set harness, 3 bridles, 2 wagons, cultivator hay rake, set ladders, lot of oats, bob sled, mower and binder, plow, sow and 8 pigs, 4 shoats, all persons are cautioned against meddling with same as I leave same in his possession at my pleasure.

1-3t GEORGE S. CLEMENT.

ESTRAY.—THE UNDERSIGNED HAD A Chesterwhite brood sow stray away on Dec. 9th, 1891, and he desires information concerning her wher-abouts. Any person notifying of same that will lead to her recovery will be rewarded for their trouble.

JACOB SHARER,
jan7 3t Centre Hall.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Catharine Royer, dec'd, of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

T. F. ROYER, Adm'r.
7jan6t Centre Hill.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS THE Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thos. F. Riley, associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of December, 1891, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre and commence on the 4th Monday of January, the 25th day of January, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own personal remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1891 and the one hundred and fourteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WILLIAM A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

FARMER'S MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE Company of Centre County, Pa.—The annual meeting of the members and the election of twelve directors to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year will be held at the house of D. L. Bartges, at Centre Hall, on Monday, January 11th, 1892, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. of said day. Members are generally requested to attend.

FRED KURTZ, President.
D. F. LUSE, Secretary.

EXECUTOR,S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of David Hennigh, dec'd., late of Potter township, having been granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ADAM BARTGES,
Millheim, Pa.
S. P. HENNIGH,
Potters Mills.
24dec6t Executors.

PUBLIC SALE.—THE UNDERSIGNED, ASsignee of Henry W. and Wm. Snyder, of Haines township, will offer at public sale on the premises of the said Henry W. Snyder, two miles north of Woodward, on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8TH, 1892,

at one o'clock, p. m., the following real estate:

No. 1. A certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, bounded by lands of David Neidigh, Daniel Reed, et al, containing six acres and 151 perches, in a good state of cultivation; Thereon erected a Dwelling House, Stable and other outbuildings.

No. 2. Another tract of land situate as aforesaid, bounded by land of Thos. Hosterman, Sam'l Motz, Thomas Hubler, dec'd., Gratz's heirs and others, containing twenty-six acres and 30 perches, part of which is cleared, and the balance in timber.

No. 3. Another tract of land situate as aforesaid, bounded by Pine Creek, land of John Garey, Wm. Hinkson and others, containing three fourth of an acre.

No. 4. A tract of farm land situate as aforesaid, bounded by land of Thos. Hosterman, Henry Snyder and public road, containing ten acres, more or less, in a hige state of cultivation.

ALSO THE FOLLOWING PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Two cows, one heifer, Spring wagon, 2-horse wagon, Lumber wagon, new Bob sled, Family sled, Mower, Grain drill, Spring harrow Cutting box, Horse gears, Wheelbarrow, lot of lumber, Corn scraper, Corn planter, Chains, Grabs, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms will be made known on day of sale by

D. L. ZERBY,
Assignee.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Lydia Bitner, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement

J. W. DASHEM,
Administrator,
nov6t Centre Hill.

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BRIEF FUM HAUSA BARRICK.

From the Middleburg Post.

LIEVER KERNAL HARDER:

De ledsht woch we do ken tzeidung ga-drucked husht bin ich ins shtettle, un far de tzeit tsu bringa bis de Hawsa Barrick train fart is bin ich in di office ni g'shtepped. Es wore nemond dahame un de leit hen mere g'sawd do warsht drows hawsa sheesa. Ich hob mich grawd dahame g'mauched, hob en Weidamoyer segar aw-g'shtecked, my feese uff der dish, un moll awfonga di breefe laesa. Der arsht brief wore fun ma politician. Dare hut dere g'sawd we en bolidix tzeiding drooka. "Mauch se rode hase. Geb da Demagrawda h—l. Se sin nix bessers gawaint," hut are g'sawd. Der naixt brief wore fun ma mon os ols Huffmon's drubba ga-peddled hut un we are ken laeva mae maucha hut kenna on sellam is are ons breddicha. Dare mon hut g'sawed: "Di tzeidung is tsu gud-lose far my kinner laesa. Shtup se." Ich hob ga-gooked un are wore nuch dri yohr tzurick uff si subscription. En onerer brief hut g'sawd do warsht en farflompts kolb wile do net si ardickle in de tzeidung ga-do hedsht wo are g'shriva hut far si nuchber bausa. En onerer brief hut g'sawd: "We will draw on you in ten days if this bill is not paid." Ich denk do musht ebber shooldich si. Ae brief hut g'sawd di tzeidung ware net feel wardt except far lod-warrick heffa tsu binna. Es laesa ware gor nix wardt awer are daid denka do daidsht olles ni os do wisht un mer kent dich net blama far was os do net wisht. Un so hov ich fart ga-laesa—ich wore usht recht in der bisness we de deer uff gonga is un en older mon is ni g'shtepped mit ma glaena boo on der hond.

"Good-morga," hut are g'sawd. "Bisht do der Kernal Harder?"

"Yaw," hov ich g'sawd.

"Well, ich bin usht ri cooma mit meim boo. My famillia is om tsu nemma un ich muss dale fun ena lose wara. Der Mose un der Mike sin shlipperiche karl, der Pete is om inventa, awer wos are mauched con ich net saena. Der Bill hut sich de naws farbrucha onera shootin'-match. Der Joe shtuddied medicine un board da-hame, der Abe un der Sam sin g'hired un runna my boweri far sich selver, un de onnera cooma good along except dare glae runt, der Jim, un ich hob g'maned ich wet en editor ous eme maucha. Are is tsu armlich un tsu fowl far shoffa un are doot nix os fressa, un wile anich ebber en tzeidung runna con os en dimeling full harn hut hov ich usht ga-denked de drucker bissniss daid ene soota. Wos denksht do derfun?"

"Yaw," hov ich g'sawd, "luss ene do. Mere broveera un usa ene in der office. Mere kenna es fet ous eme broda far de press schmeara un es flaish kenna mere kucha far de hinkel. Se sawga flaish daid de hinkel gor wooncrbawr laega maucha, un de oyer—'

Awer der oldt karl hut net g'wart far mae hara awer hut si boo g'numma un is tsu der deer nows so hardt os are gae hut kenna. We are drows wore hov ich ene hara en mon froga sidder won os "der Kernal Harder ous sime kup ware?"

Ich bin nuch awile hucka bliva bis en karl ni cooma is un hut der ruck ob-galaiged, de armel nuff ga-wickled un hut si finger uff en ardickle in der Post un hut mich g'frogt eb ich der editor ware un eb ich sell g'shrivva het? Ich hob grawd g'sana os are bisniss maned, un wile ichs editor bisniss anyhow laedich wore hov ich g'sawd:

"Nae, nae. Ich bin net der editor. Yader ebber wase os ich usht der Gotlieb Boonastiel bin, un won der leeb Gud mich dessa-mohl lavendich ous dem luch lust don will ich in meim laeva nimmy im Kernal Harder si shoe shridda!"

Are hut mich nows ga-lust un derno hut are der hoch shtool g'numma un hut g'sawd are wed de tzeidung runna bis are dich aw-dreffa daid. Won de tzeidung rous coomed de woch mit ma bloa awk don wase ich os are dich awgadruffa hut.

BOONASTIEL.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Savle, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by J. D. Murray's Drug store.

Recovering.

We are pleased to learn from Governor Curtin that his estimable wife has nearly recovered from her illness, and may soon return home from Philadelphia.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CONCERT SATURDAY EVENING.

Two Concerts to be Rendered by the Musical Convention.

As we go to press we have been requested to announce that the Musical Convention will be continued until Saturday evening.

All singers will remain and a grand concert will be rendered on Saturday evening including the concert on Friday evening. Convention therefore does not close until Saturday night when another concert will be rendered.

AARONSBURG.

The Cornet band occasionally give free entertainments that are said to be very good.

Polly Stover has gone to her brother Thaddeus, in Brush Valley, to spend the winter.

Mrs. Frank Dutweiler is in very bad health, especially since the death of her daughter.

William Stevens came home to his sister Mary's on New Years day and has not been able to be out of the house since he came.

Major Frank Houston is visiting at his sister's, Mrs. J. P. Coburn. Frank when a boy lived here and went to school. But few of his associates are left.

Miss Agnes Bower died at the home of her mother, on Tuesday morning. She had been sick but a short time with grip, which developed into pneumonia.

Charley Musser has gone back to Philadelphia to attend lectures at the Jefferson Medical College, and his sister Mollie has gone to Bloomsburg, to State Normal.

Daniel Stover, an aged citizen of Haines township, is dead. He was some eighty years old. He lived in the mountains, near Fowler, (now called Ingleby,) all his life.

Kittie Nye offers her house for rent and expects to go somewhere and board. The fire she had some time ago has very much unnerved her and she don't want to be alone.

The Dickinson Team Expelled.

The State association of College foot ball teams just held in Harrisburg, awarded the pennant to the Pennsylvania state college. The Dickinson college team, of Carlisle, was expelled for failure to play one of its scheduled games. Under the rules of the association the State college team will be entitled to the president, Bucknell to the vice president, Swarthmore to the secretary, and Franklin and Marshall to the Treasurer, these teams having made the best records.

Large Funeral.

The funeral of Ellis Hosterman, which took place last Saturday morning, from the residence of his brother Alfred Hosterman, west of Centre Hill, was very largely attended. Rev. Elsenberg, of the Reformed church, officiated at the services. Interment was made in the cemetery at Centre Hall. Services were held in the church at this place.

Received a Promotion.

Past Department Commander Austin Curtin, of Bellefonte' who has long been prominently and officially connected with the National Guard of Pennsylvania has recently been promoted from Brigade Commissary with the rank of Colonel and which places him on the staff with General Snowden, commanding the entire National Guard of the State.

State College Faculty Changes.

Prof. Thomas F. Hunt, of the chair of agriculture at the Pennsylvania State College, has accepted a call to Ohio University. A chair of veterinary surgery has been established at the State College during the winter term, with Dr. I. N. Bush, V. S. of Bellefonte, as lecturer.

Another Industry In Need of Protection.

A Lock Haven sharper sewed a manufactured wild cat's ears upon a pelt kept for that purpose and got a royalty from 'Squire Rosses for the ears. But the 'Squire discovered the stitches and made the sharper refund.

Sentenced for Murder.

Mitchael McDonald was sentenced to four years and six months in the penitentiary for the murder of Isreal Mazeral in Leidy township, Clinton county. The crime was committed last May and McDonald pleaded guilty of Murder in the second degree.

"LA GRIPPE."

Persons suffering from "La Grippe" are speedily and permanetly cured by Humphreys' Nos. One and Seven. Number One allays the fever, pain and inflammation, while No. Seven cures the Cough, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.

He Insulted Her.

A Harrisburg young girl who wears a tiny, tinkling bell on her garter, reported to her father that the family physician had insulted her with the request, "Please let me see your tongue." The parent is pondering.—*Patriot.*

An Old Veteran Dead.

Augustus H. Cox, of Bellefonte, died last Friday. He was a gallant soldier in the late rebellion, belonging to Company E. of Pennsylvania veterans. He was interred on Sunday.

The Philadelphia primaries on Tuesday night resulted in a knock-out for Harrison. Of fifty-five delegates elected, fifty were instructed for Blaine.

ACME BLACKING ... at 20 cents a bottle than any other Dressing at 5 cents.

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAYS

because shoes once blackened with it can be kept clean by washing them with water. People in moderate circumstances find it profitable to buy it at 20c. a bottle, because what they spend for Blacking they save in shoe leather.

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(this is the name of the paint), looks like stained and varnished *new furniture.* One coat will do it. A child can apply it. You can change a pine to a walnut, or a cherry to mahogany; there is no limit to your fancies. All retailers sell it.

PASTOR KOENIGS TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

In Its Worst Form.

BENTON, Laf. Co., Wis., Dec., 1888.

Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney, who was suffering from St. Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 1½ years, was treated by several physicians without effect. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

Would Have Died.

HOLYOKE, Mass., November, 1890.

I was in pain all over, could get no rest either night or day and was not able to do any work for months, but after taking Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic only one week, I was able to sit up and attend to my dressmaking. I had paid over two hundred dollars to doctors and got no benefit. I certainly think I should have died long ago if I had not got this medicine.

MRS. ADA PENELL.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace.** It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, *never* to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from **$5** to **$10** per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, **free.** Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table in effect Nov. 15, 1891.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.55 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.25 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and pas enger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.02 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6 (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.20 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a. m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.25 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sundsy) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.23 p m. Through coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.			
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P.M.	
2 05	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 30	4 55	
2 20	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	1 20	4 45	
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37	
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 53		4 32	
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 43		4 22	
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09	
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02	
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30	
3 58		7 53	Coburn	7 32		3 18	
4 06		8 01	Zerby	7 24		3 10	
4 15		8 10	Rising Spring	7 16		3 02	
4 23		8 18	Penn Cave	7 10		2 54	
4 28		8 24	Centre Hall	7 03		2 47	
4 34		8 32	Gregg	6 57		2 40	
4 40		8 37	Linden Hall	6 50		2 32	
4 45		8 42	Oak Hall	6 45		2 27	
4 49		8 46	Lemont	6 41		2 23	
4 53		8 51	Dale Summit	6 37		2 18	
5 02		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 08	
5 05		9 04	Axemann	6 25		2 04	
5 10		9 10	Bellefonte	6 20		2 00	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 5.35 and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.55 a. m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8.05 p m

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth Is Stranger than Fiction.

COLONEL F. N. BARKSDALE, of the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a dog that can tell the time of the day. Colonel Barksdale has a very fine clock that strikes only on the hour and then very slowly. The Colonel got into the way of making the dog tap with his foot at each stroke of the clock. Finally he got so he would do so without being told. Just before the clock strikes it gives a little cluck, and whenever the dog heard this he would prick up his ears, raise his paw and gently tap his paw at each stroke without being told. After awhile he got so that when anyone clucked like the clock he would get into position and wait for the strokes. He was for a long time confused at not hearing the clock, but after a while began tapping his paw any way. The remarkable point is that after awhile he remembered how many strokes were due at each succeeding hour, so that now whenever the Colonel clucks he gets into position and taps the number of strokes the clock should make next time. Thus at any time after 10 o'clock he taps eleven times; after 4 o'clock five times, etc. Some learned scientists are going to investigate the matter to see whether the dog actually possesses reasoning faculties. Colonel Barksdale will not part with the dog under any conditions.

FREDERICK C. SMYTH, recorder of the city of New York, and one of the most famous criminal judges in the country, has written a remarkable article for Scribner, entitled "Crime and the Law," in which he makes some pertinent suggestions for the reform of criminal procedure in New York. In regard to the origin of crime, Recorder Smyth says: "Chief Inspector Byrnes, to whose skill and intelligence the city of New York owes much of its safety from the depredations of professional thieves, in an article in the North American Review, attributes much of the crime in the city to the influences surrounding the cheap lodging-houses, where many crimes of a serious nature are planned. The earlier steps in crime, however, are, in my experience, largely due to the overcrowding of the population in narrow and unhealthful quarters. Boys are almost compelled to seek the streets as a place of recreation after their daily work, and gather upon the nearest street-corners, and, influenced by older and more hardened companions, they readily form themselves into associations or 'gangs,' which sometimes degenerate into conspiracies for committing crime."

IN the Loo Choo Islands there are some strange social fashions. A Japanese gentleman who has recently returned to the capital from a tour in these islands states that what mostly attracted his attention was some curious marriage customs. One consists in the bridegroom going round to all his friends' houses and permitting them to dress him up in any ridiculous style that they fancy. Sometimes the happy man is arrayed in a gayly painted Kimono, the sleeves of which are tied up with a string laden with bells, toys and trumpets. A mask is then put on and a red hat, the "rig out" being completed by an empty kerosene tin which rattles noisily along as he walks, accompanied generally by a crowd of children. This custom is said to have been designed by the authorities to put a stop to divorce and irregular conduct after marriage, by making marriage such a hardship as not to be lightly undertaken. The Japanese gentleman, however, observes that the primary object of the regulation has long since been lost sight of.

ONE of the most striking warnings on record against the abuse of hypnotic experiments is the story of Ilma Szandor, which Dr. von Kraft Ebing has given at length in a small volume. This young girl, a Hungarian by birth, was of hysterical constitution, and proved extraordinarily susceptible to hypnotic suggestion. She fell into the hands of persons whose ill-judged zeal and curiosity carried them to lengths which seem almost incredible, and her life was ruined by cruel and senseless experiments. She was hypnotized several times a day for some months, apparently by any one who chose to practice upon her, and was made the victim of very painful and distressing suggestions. For instance, a pair of scissors was on one occasion laid on her bare arm, and she was told that they were red hot and would burn her. All the effects of a severe burn were brought about by this suggestion; an inflamed and blistered spot, taking the shape of the scissors, appeared on her arm, and took months to heal. The unhappy girl at last became insane.

ACCORDING to the New Review, Prof. Lombroso of Turin has been for some years collecting every scrap of writing by prisoners on the walls of their cells, on bits of stray paper and potsherds and broken dishes, etc., he could find. He has classified and studied them, and reports that he is utterly appalled by the horrors of debasement and degradation which this glimpse into the dark corners of the criminal mind reveals. Hardly ever is there seen the faintest expression of regret or shame. Usually the criminal assumes that his judges and the police and lawyers are worse than himself, his only error consisting in letting himself be found out. As a rule he has but one hope—that of release, in order to avenge himself on society by further raids. Most of his effusions, we need not say, are unfit for publication. Next to the judges and the police, the chaplains appear to be the objects of his bitterest scorn.

PETE MARKER, who is working out at A. H. Smith's saw mill on Rifle Creek, Col., set a large trap, thinking to catch a monster bear whose tracks were seen in the neighborhood. Several days after he went out to look at his trap, but instead of the bear found a large bald eagle, the largest, perhaps, ever seen in the Rocky Mountains. The eagle had been caught in the powerful jaws of the trap by one leg, just above the claws. He dragged the immense trap, which was secured to a heavy log by a chain, into some brush more than twenty-five feet from the spot where trapped, and was quite dead. So large and strong was his leg that it was not broken. The eagle was too large to carry, so the trapper cut both legs off as trophies. He measured the huge bird and it was twelve feet from tip to tip of its outstretched wings.

THE two pretty little children of David Wismer, of Quakertown, Penn., figured in the role of the "Babes in the Wood" a few days ago, but were rescued before the birds had occasion to cover them up in the leaves. They suddenly took it in their heads, while playing on the street, to make a pilgrimage, and set out with no further preliminaries than the Prince in the fairy tales. They came at last to the road at Perkasie, several miles away, but still were unweary, and kept on their journey over the hills. Wondering farmers gaped at them as they passed. The little ones soon struck the woods, and wandered around among the trees until dusk deepened into even, when they composed themselves complacently for slumber beneath the overhanging branches. Meanwhile the frightened father had spread the alarm and was fast on their heels. He traced his babes to the woods, where he awoke them, and took them home with him half frozen.

IN the famous West Philadelphia Bartram Botanical Gardens there flourishes an enormous Florida swamp cedar, the trunk of which is fully six feet in diameter. This tree was planted under very peculiar circumstances, well worthy of narration. One day, many years ago, Bartram was riding through the State of marshes and alligators and the beast he bestrode was a very Rosinante. So, to accelerate his journey, he dismounted at a neighboring swamp and cut a switch, with which he belabored to good effect the lean and hungry steed. The switch did such good service upon this occasion that he preserved it, and, upon his return to Philadelphia, planted it in his garden, and the huge swamp cedar is the switch.

B. F. CUMMINGS, a train despatcher of Oakland, Cal., is in danger of figuring as an awful example in the anti-tobacco crusade. He was a moderate smoker, but he abandoned smoking recently and took to chewing incessantly. One day recently he became totally blind. He recovered his sight after a few days, but entirely lost his hearing. Then, as suddenly and mysteriously, he regained his hearing, but became quite dumb. He was in delirium for some time, but finally he recovered completely. The doctors said his afflictions were due to paralysis of the senses caused by the absorption of nicotine into the system through the excessive use of tobacco.

CHARLES ALLEN, a medical student of Leamington, Ont., very cleverly smuggled a human skeleton across the Detroit River into Canada a few days ago. He padded the skeleton, dressed it in woman's clothes, with a stylish hat and a deep blue veil, and, propping it up in his buggy beside him, drove on to the ferry-boat and crossed to Windsor. The disguise was so clever that the customs officers did not give him a second glance, and the young man hugged himself for his cleverness and forthwith told his friends. Then his better informed friends told him that Canada does not impose a tax on articulated skeletons, and they are still smiling at his smartness and at his pecuniary expense.

MR. JAMES BROWN, who lives near Bealington in Braxton County, W. Va., has probably the largest beard in this country. He is 6 feet in height, and has neither shaved nor trimmed his beard or moustache for thirty years. The ends of his moustache extend beyond his fingers' ends when his arms are outstretched. He carries his wonderful beard and moustache braided and tucked inside his shirt, but does not hesitate to show it to any one who may desire to see it.

THE ingenious novelist could not invent a queerer hiding-place for a will than one reported from real life by the Maine Farmer. The will was tacked up on the partition of a wood-shed, a piece of brown paper tacked over it; and there it remained for years, no one but the author surmising its identity. After the testator died, in clearing out the shed the brown paper was removed and the precious document found.

A ROOSTER was put on the block at Hanford, Cal., the other day and his head was cut off, but when the plucker reached for him the ambitious bird had walked off. The head was completely severed, save a small portion of the base of the skull, but the bird could still hear and feel and even cry out. He lived for sixteen hours in that condition.

A DOG who lives in Northamptonshire, England, is a sworn enemy of all rats except one, and has made a good record for ridding his master's premises of them. His favorite, however, is permitted to feed around the kennel; and when the master attempted to kill this rat a decided demonstration on the dog's part warned him to stop.

A GIRL in Dexter, Me., possesses a faculty which mystifies her friends. When blindfolded and provided with a photograph she can describe the person or object portrayed in the picture, and she will also describe the objects in any picture or print after merely running her finger tips over the surface.

DR. JESERICH has made a special study of the photography of the hair of criminals, and in a recent case of the arrest of a man accused of murder he promptly satisfied the police that the prisoner was not their man by the comparison of two hair photographs.

An Indian Giant.

Among the hills of Washington County, Indiana, not far from New Providence and about twenty-five miles from Louisville, nestles an old-fashioned, comfortable farm house. The house is the home of the tallest man in the West, perhaps in the United States. Jack Williams, the giant, is a fine specimen of physicial manhood, and a picture of perfect health, standing, in his stocking feet, seven feet two inches, and weighing in fighting trim 257 pounds. He was born in Polk Township, Washington County, September 24, 1858, is thirty-two years old and single. While a boy he was abnormally tall, shooting up to his height the last years of his teens. In complexion he is rather fair, with gray-blue eyes. Strangely enough, no other member of the family is extremely tall, the father measuring five feet ten inches.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

CENTRAL PARK'S ANIMALS.

How They Are Taken Care of in the Winter.

A New York World reporter asked Superintendent Conklin, of the animal department in Central Park, what disposition was made of the wild animals in winter.

"In the first place," Mr. Conklin replied, "as winter comes on, our food bills will run up a trifle. It takes more solid food to keep the animals warm, you know, just the same as in the case of man. Well, with additional food, a little more care and warm houses to shield the more susceptible animals from the storms, there is no reason why we should not come out all right in the spring."

"What is the estimate for feeding, as you recall it?"

"About $15,000 a year."

"Is not that a great deal?"

"No; we should have more."

"But that is nearly $300 a week."

"Yes; but we have nearly four hundred animals to take care of."

"How about the bears?"

"Well, they have a nice cozy run out on the green. They will stay out there all the winter. They rather like it. You see, they are native to this country, and are thoroughly acclimated. In the severe weather, they can take refuge in their little hut."

"What does a bear eat in winter?"

"We feed the bears on bread. They can be trained to like bread. Our bears will pass the winter on that diet. A portion of bread for a bear is ten pounds. We have two black bears and two polar bears. Of course the polars enjoys winter hugely."

"What other animals stay outside all winter?"

"Oh, quite a few. Let me see. There are the eagles, the vultures, the pigeons, the camels, the"——

"Why, I imagined a camel would freeze to death in the midst of our severe weather?"

"Not at all; the camel is one of our hardiest animals. He passes the winter in his yard, feeding on hay. When the storms are too severe he takes refuge in the little hut built for that purpose. The camel has a thick coat af hair and this it is that acts as his protector."

"Do the wolves stay outside?"

"Yes, the wolves, the buffaloes, the deer, the foxes and all that sort of animal."

"What do you feed a wolf in winter?"

"About five or six pounds of meat per day."

"What sort of meat?"

"Oh, beef or something of that sort."

"And there is the elephant. What becomes of him?"

"Well, the elephant goes inside under cover."

"Do they chafe much under confinement?"

Oh, no, the elephant is a social animal. He likes company. And at the park he usually has many callers a day. The children feed him apples; the ladies give him peanuts; we wind up with hay; so he is supremely happy, for all he has to do is to eat and sleep."

"How much hay does an elephant eat, say, in a day in winter?"

"About one hundred pounds. Then there are many other dainties he gets besides, as I said, from the visitors. He is eating day and night almost without pause. We do not exercise the elephant. He does not seem to need it. He is kept in a room where the temperature is quite even all the time, on a basis of summer heat. So he passes the winter without knowing it, so to speak. Of course if he ever became cold it would be necessary to exercise him to get his blood in circulation. But usually he has such good and such constant care that all goes well without exercise."

"What do you do with the lions and the tigers?"

"Their life in winter is practically the same as in summer, only we feed them a little more meat. The tiger eats in winter about eighteen pounds of beef a day, at five cents a pound, and the lions eat about the same, eighteen or twenty pounds of meat per day. We have four leopards, eating, say, eight pounds of meat a day; two hyenas, at eight pounds; the wolves, at five or six pounds. Those are our principal meat eaters.

A New North Pole Scheme.

A scheme for reaching the North Pole totally different to that proposed by Mr. Nansen has been originated by M. Ekroll, a Norwegian, who intends to put it to the test in the summer of 1893. Having established a depot of supplies at Cape Mohn, on the east coast of Spitzbergen, he will start northeast across the sea to Peterman Land, the most northerly known part of Franz Josef Land. Five men only will accompany him, and they will have six small sledges drawn by dogs. In the very probable case of their coming to open water the six sledges can be joined together with little trouble or time and converted into one large boat for sailing or rowing.

From Petermann Land Mr. Ekroll will shape a straight course for the pole, but if the southern ice drift is to great for him to overcome he will retreat to his supplies on Spitzbergen. If, however, he reaches the pole he proposes to return by the east or west coast of Greenland, eking out his food resources by drawing on the provision depots left by previous explorers, at Lady Franklin Bay or Scoresby Sound. How he will feed his dogs and how he can use them if he meets broken, hummocky ice is not explained. But, nevertheless, his invention of converting the sledges into a boat seems to be of practical utility and a valuable addition to appliances for arctic work.

NOT A WINTER GIRL.

The lover's heart is full of woe,
He hearkened to her vow;
She loved him six short months ago,
That's why she doesn't now.
—[Judge.

HERB-GATHERING.

THE GREAT SOURCE OF VEGETABLE MEDICINES.

How a Big Business Has Been Built Up—The Collectors and Their Methods.

The curious reader who may have passed the stores of the botanic medicine dealers in John street, New York, has wondered, no doubt, where the curatives came from. Had he asked the dealer he would probably have been told that two-thirds of them were gathered in the Blue Ridge districts of North and South Carolina and Tennessee. The business of collecting them is wholly in the hands of one firm, Messrs. Wallace Brothers, of Statesville, N. C., who have several hundred thousand dollars of capital invested, and employ 300 agents and 60,000 collectors throughout the mountains.

Statesville, writes a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, is the county seat of Iredell County, in Western North Carolina, a pretty town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, set in the midst of cotton, tobacco and grain fields. I was introduced to its leading industry—herb-gathering—in a somewhat picturesque fashion. The wide main street was filled with vehicles of various descriptions—coaches and carriages of the gentry, heavy, farm-wagons, one-steer-carts laden with colored folk, and the white-topped canvas-covered wagons of the mountaineers—prototypes of those "prairie schooners" in which the early emigrants navigated the boundless prairies of the West to found new States. The canopies of these wagons projected fore and aft like the bow and stern of a schooner, hence their name. Peering curiously into one of them as it stood drawn up by the sidewalk, I found that it was occupied solely by huge bags of fragrant herbs, roots and barks—the aromatic sassafras, birch and winter-green predominating. Presently it moved on, and following it down a side street, I came soon to two immense warehouses—the herbarium of the Messrs. Wallace Brothers. The story of the origin and growth of their somewhat unique industry is not without interest.

A walk through the great warehouse with Mr. Isidore Wallace as cicerone is a very interesting experience. There are forty-four thousand square feet of floor space in the two warehouses, and on this, in deep, dark bins, or in tiers of huge bales or sacks, or loose on the floor, were stored several hundred tons of roots, herbs, barks, gums, and mosses, some varieties in lots of many tons each. The yearly business of the firm amounts to one million five hundred thousand pounds. This mass is brought in by collectors, or sent in by country merchants who act as agents for the firm, the greater portion coming from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Florida. Of this, by far the greater share comes from the mountain districts. It is delivered usually in sacks. Experienced men then sample it by removing specimen bunches from the center and bottom. It is then weighed, spread on the floor to dry, and when in marketable shape it is shipped to all parts of the world. The office of the firm is adorned with engravings of plants and samples of herbs in bottles, with a fine botanical collection, a mineralogical cabinet, Indian relics, etc. The following extracts from the firm's order-book for January will convey a good idea of the volume of its transactions, each order being from a single firm: "Fifty thousand pounds of mandrake root, 15,000 pounds of black cohosh root, 12,000 pounds of wild cherry bark, 24,000 pounds of sassafras bark, 6,000 pounds of birch bark, 8,000 pounds of red-clover blossoms, 12,000 pounds of pennyroyal leaves, 9,000 pounds of catnip leaves, 8,000 pounds of stramonium leaves, 8,000 pounds of witchhazel leaves, 8,000 pounds of yellow dock, 6,500 pounds of queen's-delight root, 3,000 pounds of unicorn root, etc." Most of the orders come from manufacturing chemists and owners of proprietary medicines, both in this country and in Europe.

"Which is the most valuable herb?" I asked.

"Ginseng, or 'sang,' as the collectors call it. We pay from $2.75 to $3.00 a pound for it. This costliness is due to two causes—its scarcity and the great demand for it. This demand comes almost wholly from China. With the Chinese it is the herb of herbs. It is their chief curative agent, a specific in their opinion for all diseases. They also wear it as a charm on their bodies to ward off evil spirits, and worship it in their joss-houses. It was discovered growing wild in China a few years ago: before that it was worth six dollars a pound. This demand has caused it to be so persistently sought for that it was nearly exterminated, the collectors gathering it before the seeds were fully matured, in defiance of a State law which forbids the collection of ginseng before September. It is a small plant growing about two feet high, with a peculiarly shaped root, double pronged, as you see, which, perhaps, leads the Chinese to attribute sovereign virtues to it. It is all exported to China through Chinese agents in New York. In this country it holds an insignificant position in therapeutics. It has no one virtue as a tight tonic, but is not valued. It is indigenous to America, growing in mountainous sections, but cannot be successfully cultivated."

A more romantic interest attaches to the collectors. More than thirty thousand of these, Messrs. Wallace estimate, are employed in collecting this vast body of simples. These people comprise men, women and children, white and black, plainsmen and mountaineers. All the outfit required is a mattock and a large sack holding about two bushels, which the collector throws across one shoulder and under the other arm like a sower's seed-bag. A certain knowledge of herbs, how properly to secure them, at what seasons, and how to prepare them for market, is a necessary outfit for the collector. The Messrs. Wallace have spent much time and money during the past twenty years in imparting this information. Several hundred of these people, principally colored, reside in and around Statesville, and ply their vocation in the neighboring fields and forests. Most of the great army, however, live in the mountains in small log cabins of one room, and pursue their novel calling in the shadow of the deep cliffs, under the mighty forests, on the open summits of the lofty peaks, or in the deep gorges of the great Appalachian chain. In these almost inaccessible solitudes, the ginseng, snake-root, lobelia, blood-root, mandrake, unicorn-root, and scores of other varieties are found in abundance. These the mountaineer collects, carries to his cabin, and dries. When he has a cargo sufficient to load his "schooner," he hitches up his ancient mules, and transports it over the mountain roads to the nearest town or settlement, where he exchanges it for tea, coffee, sugar, snuff, and tobacco. The Messrs. Wallace have some three hundred of these merchant agents scattered throughout the mountains, and once a year—usually in June—a member of the firm in a two-horse buggy makes the tour of all, often driving a thousand miles over the rough mountain roads, settling accounts with the merchants, establishing new agencies and taking a general survey of the field of operations.—[New York Post.

LIGHTNING CHANGE MEN.

Wonderful Expertness in Handling Coin at the Cashier's Desk.

There are men and women in New York, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch, who handle money in small quantities from five to ninety-five cents who acquire a skill and dexterity absolutely marvellous. They are cashiers of restaurants, popular dining and lunch rooms, where the rush is very great at certain hours during the day, and where everything in the shape of payment comes along in what is called "change," that is, in amounts less than $1, and never uniform. It may be a young girl, or a young man, who never had any former experience in handling coin and notes, but he, or she, becomes so expert that it makes an ordinary business man's head swim to watch them. One of these lightning change artists, a red headed young man named Hayward, who is in a big lunch room near the post office, has a long standing wager of $10,000 that he can beat anybody making change, bar none. And that young man is certainly wonderful. He has the touch of instinct. Like those of many women in the Redemption Bureau of the Treasury at Washington, his motions are too swift for the ordinary eye to count, saying nothing of the money feature. But the work of the Treasury woman expert counters is with round numbers and bills alone; This involves constantly varying amounts of minor coin and bills together. Certain hours of every day will find an unbroken line of customers with lunch checks and money passing the cashier's desk. To see young Hayward manipulate those checks and coins and bills is a curiosity.

"Bad money? I can tell a bad coin at the touch," said he. "Dimes are the most common counterfeits. Anybody can tell bad money, time enough, but I've become able to detect at the touch—not rubbing—I haven't time for that—in a flash too quick for the eye. I couldn't explain it—and to know anything is quicker than to see it. There are bad dimes passed here every day, most of them by our regular customers and with unquestioned innocence. No, we'd rather lose money than call a man back before the crowd and charge him with passing a counterfeit. And there'd be twenty people blocked up here in front of me in two minutes. It wouldn't pay. Range? I have everything and every combination, from a two cent piece to a $50 note every day of the year we run. It must be done instantaneously. No bank note detectors or consultations or comparison or any of that sort of thing. A mostly from a lot of people you never know anything about. It ought to make a man expert, anyhow."

Contented Blind Men.

"I see Alphonse Daudet is very feeble and almost blind," said Mr. J. W. Willard. "And yet," he went on, "he is dictating to his wife what will probably be his last novel. It is curious to note the different spirit in which different great men meet affliction. I remember a German savant whose one object in life was learning, and when his sight was gone he committed suicide. That gone, the world to him was as the darkness of the tomb. Milton felt his blindness keenly, as in his pathetic sonnet he lets the world know, but he did some of his greatest work while suffering under the calamity. Heine, in his six years of suffering and anguish, spent in what he himself cynically terms his 'grave of mattresses,' wrote some of his most touching poems. The blind chaplain of Congress—Dr. Milburn—is one of the happiest of mortals; so was the late Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster-General of England, and I know a doctor near Chicago who, though blind, is one of the cleverest of his profession. He not only attends to his large circle of patients, but is a writer on medical subjects as well, and operates the typewriter with the skill of a professional. In company he plays the most trying games of cards and is the brightest man at the table. After all, it seems to be a case of a man having the mind to rise superior to the troubles of life, and recognizing that even under affliction there are things worth living for."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Hermit in a Hole.

Nelson Purdum, of Jefferson county, Ind., disappeared from his usual haunts a couple of months ago, after having squandered a big pension allowance. No trace of him could be found until a few days ago, when hunters came across him on the bank of the river near Madison. Smoke was issuing from the ground, and an investigation led to their finding a room underground, in which Purdum was living. A rude cot, a stove, and a quantity of provisions were found, but the man, whose long gray beard and locks gave him a wild appearance, declined to come out. The rise in the river is likely to flood the hermit's place of abode, but no amount of persuasion will make him desert his strange home.—[Courier-Journal.

It is a fad to collect boxes of wedding cake with descriptive notes written on each box.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

A STATEMENT of the receipts and expenditures of the State Government for the year ending November, 1891, was prepared at the Auditor-general's Department. It shows receipts for the year of $13,007,161.74 as against $8,624,919,10 in 1890. The payments for the year were $10,453,954.64, as against $8,163,861.18 in 1890. The balance in the Treasury, November 30, last, was $6,979,854.55, being over $2,500,000 more than the balance at the close of the fiscal year. Almost $2,000,000 in the column of receipts come from the United States Government on the Direct Tax refund. Other big items were, $1,906,244.67 tax on personal property, and $1,252,765.80 tax on collateral inheritances.

WHILE Eugene A. Lamb, a school teacher, was passing through some woodland in Ruscourt Township, Berks County, some person fired at him from ambush. His books were riddled with shot and a few pierced his side.

A TIN plate company was organized at New Castle with a capital of $150,000.

JOHN HILE, a wealthy young farmer, of Elysburg, was found in a lonely piece of woods near that village with his skull crushed in. His horse and carriage stood near. The belief is general that he was murdered.

OWING to the defendant's youth the Grand Jury at Allentown ignored the bill against Willie Kutzler, aged 10 years, charged with involuntary manslaughter in kicking Emma Hallman, causing her death, and recommended that the boy be committed to a reformatory.

THE recent heavy rain has flooded the mines near Shamokin, which suffered considerable damage. About 2500 men will be idle for a few days.

THE triplets, sons of Michael Brown, of Boston, born December 6, died at different hours from grip. John Brown, their grandfather, died a so in the same house from the effects of a recent stroke of palsy. They will be buried in the same casket.

CREDITORS from Baltimore, and Dayton, Ohio, of the bankrupt tobacco firm of B. S. Kendig & Co., of Lancaster, issued writs of replevin for $10,600 worth of tobacco in the hands of various parties in that city, who procured it from Kendig. The plaintiffs claim that Kendig & Co., s cured it by fraudulent representations.

CHARLES YOST, of Johnstown, is accused of forging contractor Ott's name to checks and obtaining money on them. Yost has left the town.

IN an interview at Pittsburg Senator Quay said that he thought that Joseph Buffington, of Kittaning, would be appointed to succeed Judge Reed. He thinks Blaine will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered him.

PRESIDENT HENRICI, of the Harmony Society at Economy, said that the society would never accept Dr. Cyrus R. Teed or his doctrines.

WILLIAM QUINE was found near Boothwyn with his legs broken and unconscious. He died before he could explain how he came to be injured.

NINE deaths from the grip were reported at Pittston. There were many funerals in the Wyoming Valley caused by the malady.

CHARLES WALL, under death sentence at Tunkhannock for the murder of his wife, instead of being hanged, wants to be burned at the stake.

THE annual census of the inmates of the Berks County Almshouse revealed the following cases of longevity. Mrs. Margaret Johnny, 95 years; Rebecca Fox, 86 years; Sarah Reppert, 94 years; Lydia Fry, 86 years; Sarah Wahl, 87 years; Mary Berger, 85 years; Annie King, 84 years; Catherine Stieff, 83 Simon Schwartz, 85 years; John Firing, 86 years; John Arndt, 83 years; Samuel Dunkleberger, 89 years; George Miller, 84 years; Mathias Rutler, 83 years; David Houch, 81 years; The total age of fifteen persons named is 1287 years, an average of almost 86 years. There were 332 persons in the almshouse on January 1.

BY the bursting of a dam in the Jones slope, Ashland, nine mules, which were in the mines at the time were drowned.

WILLIAM L. REEDER, a brakeman on the Lehigh Valley coal train, near Slatington, was sitting on a coal car, when by a sudden jar he was thrown off upon the ground. He was rendered semi-conscious by the fall and a young man who saw the accident called to Reeder not to move until the train had passed. Reeder, however, raised his head, an oil box caught his clothes and he was drawn under the train and killed.

THE State Treasurer's monthly report shows $5,330,671.17 to the general fund and $782,760.25 in the Sinking Fund. The large amount in the General Fund is necessary to meet the $5,000,000 school appropriation, which is paid in June. After next June it is not expected that much money will be carried in the General Fund, except just before the school appropriation is due each year.

THE Armor plate mill of Carnegie Phipps & Co., at Homestead, was shut down owing to difficulty with the workmen.

THE bankrupt firm of B. S. Kendig & Co., at Lancaster, have assigned to Amos B. Hostetter.

DIPHTHERIA in its most malignant form is epidemic at Locust Gap, a mining town of 1200 people, two miles west of Mount Carmel. In several cases whole families have been affected by the disease.

THE property of the Hunterdon Construction and Quarrying Company which is doing some work at Clifton Heights, was attached for wages due their workmen. Superintendent Kent attempted to remove a horse, but was roughly treated. Fearing that an attempt would be made to remove the steam roller two Irishmen heavily armed are guarding it.

THE committee representing the hemlock lumber producers met at Williamsport, and decided to recommend an immediate advance of 50 cents a thousand feet in the price of hemlock lumber over the average price of 1891. It was decided to recommend a restriction of production this year of fully 25 per cent.

DUDELY CANESUCKER, a New York Society man, met with a serious accident and was taken to a hospital. One of his friends called and asked if Dudely was delirious. "Well, yes," replied the doctor, "I think he is a little out of his head. He talked very sensibly a while ago."—Texas Siftings.

LOVE'S SEASON.

Love doth a tenant of the spring become:
Of summer hours when skies of brill ant blue
Tempt bees and katydids to gardens new;
When the woodpecker with his distant drum
Is heard, and when the cricket's restful thrum
Makes autumn musical; when Winter's few
Delights of Nature b'ossom into view;
Love makes the year, complete, its constant home.
Whate'er the days or months for us unfold
Love has one season in its rounded rhyme,
Love's sun turns darkest skies to brightest gold,
And makes of time a period sublime;
From cradle-hymn to be is at Life's night tolled
Where Love dwells it is summer all the time.
—[Dexter Smith, in Boston Transcript.

A Moccasin Among the Hobbys.

BY RICHARD M. JOHNSTON.

I vary well remember Little Joe Hobby, who, when I was a child, was one of my father's near neighbors and friends. He was not so very, very little. They called him so in distinction from a big cousin of the same name. Everybody liked him. Even Maggy Tiller over and over again said that she thought a great deal of Joe. Yet she gave her hand in preference to the big cousin, and so Little Joe, sorrowful as it all was, had to bear it as well as he could. Maggy, noticing at her very last refusal how hardly he took it, offered the consolation, which at such a time, if a girl would only reflect for a moment, is the very poorest to be thought of. She told him to never mind, for that it wouldn't be so very long before he would find a girl to suit him to a t, and then he would be just running over with joy that he hadn't married Maggy Tiller. Indeed, Maggy was very sorry for his distress, so she must say something, and she didn't know of anything better. Then he rose, and, after shaking good-by, said:

"No, Maggy, I can't get you; but I'll never marry anybody else."

He went to the wedding, and with the other guests extended congratulations, and partook with reasonable zest of the good things. Afterwards he was as good a neighbor as before, and a good cousin to both. My father said, out of course only in the family, that if he had been in Maggy Tiller's place he would have taken Little Joe, and let Big Joe go somewhere else; for in his opinion Little Joe was more of a man; and so, he suspected, thought Maggy's mother. However, he added, nobody can ever foresee what girls will do in such cases.

Joe—Little Joe, I mean—tried to go along about as he had been doing before his bad luck, as he called it; for he never denied a single thing. But he was as healthy in mind as in body, and he felt that if Maggy and the other Joe could do well, so far as he was concerned, they were welcome to do so. Indeed, he was a better friend to them than Jim Hobby, Big Joe's older brother, whom Maggy had cast aside also, and who in a pet went off and married Mandy Brake, who wasn't as pretty as Maggy and had rather poor health besides.

And they did do well,—that is moderately well. If Big Joe's industry, management and prudence had corresponded with his physical proportions, they would have done splendidly. As it was, out of the good piece of ground which they owned, they made quite enough to live on, and perhaps a trifle over; but not nigh what Little Joe, who continued to live with his mother, contrived to put aside yearly for rainy days.

The two families lived only a mile apart, and visiting continued to be kept up the same as if nothing had happened. In decent time after the birth of their baby, Little Joe went over there and handed around his congratulations again. When the baby was named Joe he had to congratulate again; and he did so, like the man he was. It may have seemed to him somewhat monotonous whenever he was there that the father was everlastingly saying that in some points, indeed in almost every single blessed point, he had not a doubt that that baby was ahead of anything of its age that could be found in the whole State, let alone the county.

"Why, Joe," he said, more times than his hearer could recall, "Maggy'll tell you herself that sometimes I have to loose my mule from the plough half an hour before the dinner-horn blows, I want to see him so bad.—Look'ee here, Joe," he said nigh as many times to the baby, "you know who that is sitting in that chair? You don't? Why, that's your cousin Joe, same name as you. Not named after him exactly, but all the same. Ask Cousin Joe if he don't wish he had a Joe like you."

At such times Maggy smiled a little scold; but it did no good. He would go on about it, and keep at it, not even stopping at the dinner-table, occasionally getting up and making Little Joe get up, repair to the bed or the cradle whereon that baby was lying, and note how, when he was not crowing, he would be trying, just for the fun of it, to ram his fists or the coverlet into his ever-open mouth. And then sometimes he would crown all by crying to the youngster about thus:

"Going to be a big man some day, aren't you?—a heap bigger than Cousin Joe."

Such things he did often, not from any thought of malice towards his cousin, but out of mere exuberance of the consciousness of his superiority to him. Little Joe endured it all, and did what he could in simple ways to help them along. Once, when the baby was thought to be dangerously sick, he went there at nights, and, while the father slept, watched with the mother during the silent hours. Before Big Joe was awake next morning he would be gone to his work. During that time Jim Hobby never once came there. His wife did, and wanted to help; but Maggy, knowing that she was not strong enough to do any good, thanked her and sent her home.

One would think that such as that ought always to come to an end. Sometimes it does, as in this case it did. Early in August, when the baby was only a few weeks old, Big Joe got sick himself. People said it was from having had too much Fourth of July. Whatever was the cause, no sort of medicine, old women's nor doctors', could cure him; and so he died, leaving Maggy a poor, lonesome widow. With her baby she moved back to her mother's, and it was not so very long before she began to look as bright as ever, and perhaps some prettier.

I could not undertake to say exactly how Little Joe felt on the occasion of his cousin's death; but he said and he did what was becoming,—no more, no less. He helped to put him away decently, and then helped Maggy to do what was to be done before she could get back to her native place. As for the baby, while he did not—because he could not—show the pride which his father indulged, yet he was even more considerate of its wants. It was only a few minutes' walk to the Tillers', and he went there almost every day. The devotion shown by him to that baby was not without its return, as it was not long before the latter showed himself to be as well pleased with his cousin's society as ever he had been with that of his father. Even Jim began to take an interest which he had not shown in his brother's lifetime.

During the summer days of the following year, when Maggy's work took her out of the house she put the baby in his cradle, which she had removed to a nice spot in the shade of a large Mogul plum-tree that stood not far from the dairy. Occasionally she went by to see if any wood-insect had invaded his couch, or, if he was awake, to have a little chat by way of reassuring him against any sense of abandonment or too profound solitude. For he was not one of those exacting babies who are everlastingly wanting to be waited on, and shaken up, and sung to, claiming all the attention they can get, and more besides, not only in the day, but in the very night. What that baby wanted, after his many meals and his as many sleeps, was the consciousness that congenial society was in convenient call. His health was as perfect as the very morning, and whenever he cried you might feel sure either that a pin was sticking somewhere, or that something else was the matter which no grown-up person could be expected to endure without complaint At such time, when Little Joe was there, he hovered around that cradle as if the most precious of his treasures lay therein.

Such devotion, in all the circumstances, must have touched any heart, unless it were of stone. Yet when, towards the beginning of the fall, Little Joe began to plead as once before he had done so all in vain, Maggy cried and begged him to stop it. He did as he was bidden, but with an inward resolve not to stop for good as long as things stood as they were. For she showed as plainly as day, even to the humble Little Joe, that she didn't want him to quit coming to the house, particularly now that Mrs. Jim Hobby had died, and so another gloom had been thrown over the family.

Little Joe would have been ashamed to be called a hero if he had known what that meant. Yet in the action which I am now going to tell, my father used to say that there was as heroic behavior as much of that one reads of in the careers of those who

subdue
Nations and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter.

Among venomous reptiles in the Southern States, next to the rattle-snake the one most dreaded is the moccasin. Its bite, except upon very young persons, is seldom fatal; but very often its victim has to lose some portion of the limb which has been struck. The most prompt treatment is necessary to prevent much suffering and other serious consequences. I shall let Little Joe speak for himself about an encounter which he had with one of those reptiles.

One morning, having come over to our house on some little matter about the line-fence, as he was ascending the steps of the piazza my father said:

"Good-morning, Joe. Why, hello! what's the matter with your thumb, that you've got it wrapped in that cloth?"

"Mornin', squire. Then you hadn't heard about my snake-fight?"

"No, indeed. I've been away from home for a couple of weeks, getting back only last night. It seems you got the worst of it."

"I did for a while; but I come up with him before it was all over."

"My goodness, man! But I'm very glad it was no worse."

"So am I—thankful to boot. What time it lasted, it was a right serious business, countin' in my skear, and Maggy's too."

"Ay, was Maggy in it also?"

"Not in the fight, she wasn't, but in the skear she were, worse off than me; fact is, she couldn't help it, bein' of her own baby."

"My! my! Tell me about it."

Smoothing tenderly the cloth around his thumb, he began:

"It was on Thursday three weeks ago, I walked over to Missis Tiller's, I reckon the sun were about a hour or a hour and a half high. Maggy were a-sweepin' the front yard about the gate. Her ma were gone over to Missis Keenum's, and the baby were layin' in the cradle asleep under the big plum-tree, you know, squire, there by the dairy."

"Very well. Finest Mogul plum-tree in the neighborhood."

"Jes' so. Well, soon as I got in the yard, and shook hands with Maggy, I went on silent to see the baby, who him and me are first-rate friends, we are."

"So I heard. Go ahead."

"When I got there, lo and behold, there were a great big full-grown highland moccasin quiled up on the baby's breast, all exception of his head and his neck, which stood high up, and his eyes a-viewin' of the child, like he were studyin' where he'd begin on him. I hollosed out, I did, and Maggy she come a-runnin' up; but I pushed her back and told her to stay back and keep silent. She done it. She put one hand on her breast and lifted the other towards the sky. At that minute Jim come in the gate, and he run up to see what were the matter. Then he told me to stay there and watch the snake till he could run in the garden and cut a forked stick and prong him with it. So Jim he left, and the fight begun. Soon as the thing saw me, he whirled his head away from the baby for a strike at me. And, squire, it were the fieriest, beautifullest thing you ever laid your eyes on. He were certain, well as I were, that it were a life-and-d ath case; because there wasn't any chance for him to get away into the woods, and I no doubt he saw fight was in me. But I didn't have one blessed thing except my hands, and if I'd had a stick the question would been what to do with it, him a-layin' there on the baby. To make things worse, he woke, the baby did, and he begun a-smilin' at me, and I were skeered nigh out of my senses, thinkin' he might kick or throw up his hands, so the snake would turn on him again. Then I got mad, sure enough, and I said to myself, 'No, sir, not that baby. If its got to be anybody, it shall be me.' Every time I made a grab at its neck, he dodged and struck at me. Well, sir, it's wonderful how supple the thing were. I thought I had him once or twice, but he slipped from my fingers like a piece of ice, and mighty nigh as bold, and several times with his strike he were in the width of a hair of gettin' me. All of a sudden I thought of my hat, and thinks I to myself, 'Blast you, I'll try to hive you!' And I done it, after a few wipes at him; but as I was pressin' him down he put his tooth in the ball of my left hand thumb. But I grabbed him by the tail, give him a whirl or two like a whipthong, then, fetchin' a jerk, slung his head off. You know that's the quickest way in the world to kill 'em. Then Maggy come up, she did, and she snatched up her baby, who was kickin' his level best at the fun; but I told her to lay him down for a minute, take a twine string out of my coat pocket, and tie it tight around my thumb where I were holdin' it. For don't you know, squire, it come to my mind that very minute of Jay Roberts losin' his whole thumb three year ago that a moccasin bit, and that under the water? Yes, sir, that it did. Maggy screamed, but she done as I told her. Then I told her to go and make a pot of red-pepper tea, boilin' hot, not thinkin' there was a drop of sperits in the house. Soon as she got away, I hauled out my knife. I give it a wipe or two on the bottom of my shoe, and then—— Well, squire, whoever thinks there's fun in cuttin' off their own thumb at the j'int, they're welcome to it. But I grinned and got through with the job, and by that time Maggy's ma got back. She told Maggy to fling that pepper tea away, and then she got out a level tumblerful of whiskey and come out and made me drink every drop of it. And then, while Maggy was fixin' to tie up what was left of my thumb, she, a-knowin' I couldn't carry all that load of whiskey, she made me go to bed, and, tell you the truth, squire, I never remembered another thing till next mornin' daybreak, when I woke up, callin' for water."

"But where was Jim all this time?"

"They told me after it was all over that Jim came back with his forked stick, a-sayin' it took longer than he thought to get one to suit. Missis Tiller said she thanked him, and told him that he better put it away keerful, as it might come in handy next time."

"That's Jim; that's exactly Jim," said my father. "But, Joe Hobby, don't tell me you came away from that house without getting Maggy's word, after what I told you of the importance of being brisker in some of your ways, especially since Jim has become a widower."

"Oh, no, sir. I thought it were a good chance to follow up your advice, and I put in for her as well as I could; and she said that, in all the circumstances, she wasn't sure but what it was her duty."

"That's good! that's first-rate!"

"But, law, squire! she declare she must put off the weddin' for at least one whole year."

"Nonsense! You tell Maggy, from me, that, after all you've done for her and that baby, I say that I think it very hard to be putting it off so long, and that if any accident was to happen to you in all that lonesome while she'd never forgive herself."

He carried the words, and in a few days afterwards reported that they had compromised on Easter.—[Lippincott.

Earthquakes in Japan.

Earthquakes are of so frequent occurrence in Japan that they are looked upon as a matter of course, and unless they are accompanied with a serious loss of life and destruction of property, the outside world hears little of them. Some of the earliest Japanese traditions are of extremely destructive earthquakes, and many fanciful tales are told of those which happened previous to the times of trustworthy historical records. But there are many authentic records of earthquakes which destroyed whole cities. The most serious of these disturbances in recent times was that of 1855, when, in Yedo, which was the centre of the quake, 14,241 dwelling-houses and 1649 fire-proof storehouses were overturned. In the last days of the past October there was a very serious earthquake about Gifu and Nagoya, and there was great loss of life and property. There were slight earthquakes on Sunday, October 25th, and these continued with increasing severity until the morning of the following Friday. During the last two days of the quake, 368 distinct shocks were felt and recorded. At Gifu the houses tumbled down and caught fire, and those people not caught in the ruins fled to the country and the hills; but in nearly every house it is reported that one or more unfortunate victim was caught. Enough is known to place the loss of life at several thousands. When the first shock was felt at Gifu the up and down trains on the Takaido Railway were just meeting. The shock was accompanied by a rumbling sound, and the people on the train thought that there had been a collision. On looking out of the windows, however, they saw the station in ruins, and the water in a neighboring pond dashing violently from side to side. As the shocks continued, cracks in the earth were observed two or three feet wide, opening and closing. The shipping in the various harbors was very much injured, and one ship which recently arrived at San Francisco reported that when seventy miles at sea a violent shock was felt, the sea was lashed into a foam, the waves broke over the decks, and the maintopmast and cross-trees were lost. These disturbances at sea have been very common in previous earthquakes, and several times great ships in Japanese ports have had great difficulty in weathering such unaccustomed conditions.—[Harper's Weekly.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Same Thing—He Couldn't Afford To—On One Condition—Two Opinions—And That's a Fact, Etc., Etc.

SAME THING.

"I see," he began, as he entered the office of a plumber, "that some one has invented a cut-off or valve or syphon by which a water pipe is prevented from freezing, no matter how much exposed."

"Yes," softly replied the plumber.

"Good thing."

"Very likely."

"Come into general use?"

"Yes."

"When it does you plumbers will have to take a back seat, eh?"

"No. Takes two pounds of solder just the same, and we get in three hours' extra work."—[Detroit Free Press.

HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO.

Mr. Suburb—Well, I was never more surprised in my life. I had a long and serious talk with a stranger whom I met on the train, and who do you think he was?

Editor Weekly Fun—Give it up.

"He was Mr Button-buster, one of your chief humorists."

"What about him?"

"Why, he didn't crack a joke all the time we were together."

"His jokes are worth $5 apiece."—[New York Weekly.

ON ONE CONDITION.

Tramp to lady of the house—I'm starving to death! Can I die out in the barnyard?

Lady of the House (graciously)—Yes; if you won't crawl under the barn.

TWO OPINIONS.

"Yes," said the village oracle, as he looked around the grocery store and fixed the power of his eye on the only man present, "it's my belief that the world is growing worse, and that even in this village there's a deal of evil—that every man in it would thieve if he got a chance—present company excepted, of course."

"Well, now," responded his auditor, "my belief's just the opposite. I don't think there's a man in the village would thieve if he got the best chance in the world—present company excepted, of course."

There was no more to be said.—[New York Press.

AND THAT'S A FACT.

Although it causes one to sneeze
Much more than one is pleased at,
The grip is plainly a disease
That isn't to be sneezed at.
—[New York Press.

UNSELFISH.

"Your husband borrows a great deal of trouble, it seems to me, Mrs. Blue."

"Yes, but he is unselfish with it. He always shares it with me."

HIS ACTIONS BELIED HIS REPUTATION.

"I've always heard that you were of a generous disposition, John," said the maiden, as her lover almost hugged the breath out of her; "but I can hardly believe it."

"Why can't you?"

"Because I find you always near and grasping."—[New York Press.

THE PARTING.

It was 5 o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lilian Luray.

"Good-by, darling," he said, fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule.

"Good-by, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him most fiercely.

"Who knows, my own what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Mizpah," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively.

"Yes, darling," he spoke tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor."

"And you will come back to me; to your own little loving Lilian, George; the same beautiful and brave George you have always been?"

"Trust me, Lilian, darling; trust your George."

"Oh, darling," she said, strong in the faith of women, "I do trust you. How could I love you so if I did not?" and she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lilian, my own."

"But when, George? When?" she asked anxiously.

"At 8 this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his strong arms, tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "make it 7.30!"

And it came to pass as he had spoken.—[Detroit Free Press.

DESPERADOES EXCHANGE REMINISCENCES.

"Yes, I was a great desperado in my day," said the reformed train robber, shaking his head sadly and with much humility. "I once held up a whole train-load of passengers single-handed and alone."

"That was quite a feat," said the retired auctioneer, with a dreamy, far-away look in his eye, "but I once knocked down a whole railroad."—[Chicago Tribune.

THE SOWER AND THE REAPER.

Old Moneybags, his whole life through,
Worked—stormy days and sunny;
And now his heir is working, too,
To spend the old man's money.

BAD MUSIC.

May—Now, wouldn't you call Professor Pounderoffski's music heavenly?

Frank—Possibly; it's certainly quite unearthly.

ABSENT-MINDED.

"You did not attend Blogster's funeral?"

"No," said the absent-minded man. "I was so busy. I'll go to his next one, sure, busy or not."—[Indianapolis Journal.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FAMILY.

The youth was most prudent and careful
In making a choice of a wife,
So he married "The Flower of the Family"
And she is the thorn of his life.

IRISH PUNS.

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Charles Lamb Kenney.

The popular journalist was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a bit of cork with his wine, which gave him a severe coughing fit.

"Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a very brilliant attempt at witticism, "that's not the way to Cork."

"No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney.—[London Truth.

HAD A BETTER JOB.

Employer (impulsively)—Miss De Pinkie, Clara, will you marry me?

Pretty Typewriter—What? And give up my $20 a week salary? Not much.—[New York Weekly.

SEEMED CONCLUSIVE.

Pebbleye—Of all the fool beggars I ever saw that blind man is the worst.

Timbertoe—What has he done?

Pebbleye—About every day I have to call him down for wearing spectacles.

AFRAID OF IT.

"Will you pass the butter, Mr Wickwin?"

"Not if I see it in time to turn and go the other way, madam."

MONEY EASILY EARNED.

"What? Another new dress!" said a married man to his better half, as the parcel was opened.

"Don't distress yourself," she replied. "I paid for this out of my own pocket."

"Oh, indeed! But where did you get the money from?"

"I sold your overcoat," was the cool reply.

MRS. SCRIMP'S GARDENING.

Old Friend—Did you have much of a garden this year?

Mr. Scrimp (of Scrimpville)—No; it didn't amount to much. In the spring I gave a grand garden digging tournament, the young men who dug the most to have the pick of the girls for the evening, and it worked well, but it cost me 'most two dollars for refreshments. Then I had a planting bee, and that wasn't so expensive, only the planting wasn't half done. Later on I tried to get up a wedding festival, but somehow the young folks sort o' lost interest, and I gave up gardening in disgust.—[New York Weekly.

SUITABLE FOR THE OCCASION.

"Chicago won't be satisfied with traction cars during the celebration of '93," remarked the Snake Editor.

"Won't eh? Hadn't heard of that," replied the Horse Editor.

"No; she will adopt the Colum 'bus."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE REASON.

"Why is the road to destruction broad, papa?"

"It has to be, my son, to accommodate the travel."

THE BLIGHTED YOUTH.

I paced the floor in anguish wild,
Or sat in deep dejection;
I felt extremely sad and riled,
I had had my first rejection.

I went to bed and groaned all night,
To die my aim was steady!
But I fell asleep at broad daylight,
And slept till lunch was ready.

KNEW THE MEN.

Salesgirl—I wish to resign my place. I'm going to be married to Mr. Clipper, of the ribbon counter.

Manager—My dear child, that is no reason for stopping work. Keep your place.

Salesgirl (a close observer)—It won't do. I'm afraid if I don't knock off and do nothing, he will.—[Good News.

WARM ENOUGH.

New Boarder (shivering)—The house seems very cold, madam.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Does it? Why, I'm as hot as fire.

"Hum! Pardon me, but why does the end of your nose look so blue?"

"Oh! that comes from my aristocratic ancestry."—[Good News.

A SMART HUSBAND.

Mr. De Fashion—The paper says sealers are disappointed at the low prices obtained for skins in London this season.

Mrs. De Fashion—That's splendid! You know I need a new——

Mr. De Fashion—The paper says the furs are very cheap, dirt cheap.

Mrs. De Fashion—I never did care much for seal-fur. It's too warm.

AFTER THE BALL.

She—Has papa asked you about your income?

He—Yes.

She—And you told him that little fib about the large salary?

He—Yes.

She—I'm so glad.

He—Well, I'm sorry. He borrowed $50 from me on the spot.

The Oldest Medical Work.

A translation into German of the Egyptian medical manuscript acquired about twenty years ago by George Ebers, the eminent Egyptologist and novelist, has just been completed. Dr. Heinrich Joachim, the translator, believes that the work was written not later than 1550 B. C., and that parts of it are of still older date. It consists mainly of recipes, interspersed here and there with proverbs, but gives some advice upon the examination of patients, and states the diseases indicated by certain symptoms. The original papyrus is a unique and important document, being the oldest medical work in the world.—[Trenton (N. J.) American.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

PRIDE HAS A FALL.

Little Miss Chrysanthemum stood in a window,
As proud as proud can be;
She had frills on her apron and frills on her skirt,
And—everywhere—frills could be.

She flaunted and frisked, and scornfully giggled
At a poor little pale-faced rose.
"You'd better wilt up and go back to sleep
Before somebody nips your nose."

Along came a lady all feathers and fuss
And said, "I'll take one of these."
And the florist nipped off Miss Chrysanthemum's head
Before she had time to sneeze.
—[Belle Hunt, in New York World.

THE PARROT AND THE HEN.

Our next-door neighbor owns an amusing parrot which is always getting into mischief, but usually gets out again without much trouble to herself. When she has done anything for which she knows she ought to be punished she holds her head to one side, and, eyeing her mistress, says in a sing-song tone, "Polly is a good girl," until she sees her mistress smile; then she flaps her wings and cries out: "Hurrah! Polly is a good girl!" She has been allowed to go free in the garden, where she promenades back and forth sunning herself and warning off all intruders.

One morning a hen strayed out of the chicken yard and was quietly picking up her breakfast, when Poll marched up to her and called out, "Shoo!" in her shrill voice. The poor hen retreated to her own quarters, running as fast as she could, followed by Poll, who screamed "Shoo!" at every step.

A few days later Poll extended her morning walk into the chicken yard. Here, with her usual curiosity, she went peering into every corner, till she came to the old hen on her nest. The hen made a dive for Poll's yellow head, but missed it. Poll, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned to run; the hen, with wings widespread, followed close after.

As she ran Poll screamed in her shrillest tones, "O Lord! O Lord!"

A member of the family, who had witnessed the performance, thought it time to interfere in Poll's behalf, as the angry hen was gaining on her. He ran out and, stooping down, held out his hand. Poll lost no time in traveling up to his shoulder. Then, from her high vantage ground, she turned and, looking down on her foe, screamed: "Hello, there! shoo!"

The frightened hen returned to her nest as rapidly as she had come.—[Ashland (Penn.) Item.

TWO GYMNASTS.

Big newspaper space is daily taken up with accurate throwing and catching and hitting of balls, the aim of the human eye, the speed of the human foot, the accuracy and dexterity of the human hand, and the young people who play base-ball and tennis enjoy this reading matter.

But a short time ago I saw two creatures only a year old outdo in aim and accuracy any human being I ever knew.

They were a pair of barn swallows. A very gentle little house-cat was in the habit of taking her daily nap in the hayloft, directly under the nest among the rafters. All went well until the mother bird began to sit on her eggs. Then, presumably, the cat lifted her eyes to contemplate the pretty sight, for about 4 o'clock of the first day the bird stayed on the nest the cat came rushing out of the barn, the two swallows after her. Giving her in turn a vicious peck, they rose in air, swooped down and pecked her squarely on the back, one after the other, though she was running in all directions.

Twenty-three times I watched them rise in air so high as to be out of sight, then come sailing down, one behind the other, and each time giving the poor cat a peck apiece on the back, although she was speeding hither and thither bewildered, seeking to hide under carts, under trees, here and there; they never missed her once, though they never slowed their swift flight to do it, never paused for the peck, but swiftly gave it to her as they skimmed down over her, rising on the same point of curve, to descend again presently.

For about two weeks they were seen to fly out and repeat this punishment whenever the cat appeared on the green near the barn.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE law is perhaps less friendly to dogs than to any other species of property. The Supreme Court of Mississippi has just decided that the city authorities of Jackson are not responsible for the loss of a dog killed by a police officer on the street. The dog was usually kept confined, but escaped, and the wife of the owner was running after it when it was shot. The court holds that it was "running at large," and that the officer had the right to shoot it. The court says that dogs are more peculiarly the subject of police regulations than any other class of property. It is held, the opinion continues, with great unanimity by the courts that regulations of the most stringent character, and the most summary proceedings for the destruction of these animals kept contrary to such regulations, are entirely within legislative power, and free from constitutional objection, though the property of the owner is destroyed without notice or hearing, in the execution of the law. The Mississippi court quotes with approval a Massachusetts decision that a dog not licensed and not provided with a collar might be shot by the officers even within the owner's inclosure, and the opinion of a New Hampshire court that a private person might lawfully kill a dog having on a collar bearing only the owner's initials, although the citizen knew who the owner was, when the law required that the name of the owner should be engraved on the collar.

Observation step ladders are used by the Belgian army.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS., JAN. 14.

RACKET STORE NEWS.

MR. KURTZ,

Dear Sir:—Please tell the readers of the "Reporter" that during January they will find special bargains in every department of "The Racket." When we say bargains, we mean the clear cut modern kind, not the cut-and-dried kind usually called bargains. A few sample prices will suffice to show what we mean:

Men's Rubbers, 25 cents a pair. Silk and Wool Plaids, yard wide, 25 cents per yard, worth easily double. Knickerbocker Dress Goods, 8 cents per yard, usual price, 12½. Remnants in Dress Goods, Calicoes, Muslins, at split prices.

Nuf Ced.

Come and see yourself why "The Racket" has doubled itself in a year, and why you will find it crowded when other stores are empty.

Respectfully Yours,
G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 5, 1892.

PERSONAL.

——A live burgess—chief burgess Riter.

——John Musser, an old residenter of Millheim, is quite ill—grip, of course.

——S. K. Kneply had a bad dose of the grip, but is able to be out again.

——Mrs. Amanda Roberts, of Pittsburg, Pa., is visiting her father in this place, Mr. Ezra Krumbine.

——Frank Crawford spent several days of last week in Union county and returned again on Saturday evening.

——Mrs. Elmer Campbell, of Linden Hall, visited her mother, Mrs. Judge Love, on Church street, on Monday.

——George Sweeny was housed up a few days last week and was seriously ill, having an attack of the grip, but at present is much improved.

——Andrew Campbell, the genial grain agent and lumber boss of Coburn and Ingleby, favored our sanctum with a call. He is a Democrat of the first water.

——C. D. Runkle, on Saturday, was in town to see old friends. "Davy" has aged considerably the past two years. Time has added many silvery locks.

——Mr. John H. Bible, an honored and respected citizen of Centre Hill, gave the REPORTER office a visit last week, and spent a few minutes with us.

——Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Odenkirk, the bride and groom, returned home last week after a wedding tour extending over two weeks. They visited several of our Eastern cities.

——S. F. Smith, of Tusseyville, gave these headquarters a pleasant call, and enrolled his name as a REPORTER patron. Come and do likewise, if you are not already there, reader.

——Mr. J. F. Royer, of Tusseyville, favored our sanctum with a call a few days ago and had his label properly adjusted. Mr. Royer is a very pleasant gentleman and we were very sorry he did not lengthen his visit.

——Miss Anna Mills, a talented and musical young lady, of Lock Haven, is visiting her cousin, Miss Jennie Kreamer. Miss Mills is quite a soloist and nightly during the convention charms the audience with her exquisite voice.

——Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Ripka, of Spring Mills, visited their daughter, Mrs. J. E. Kustaborder, at Bellwood, Pa., during the past week or two. Mr. W. H. Lohr and wife, of Forest Hill, Union county, also visited at same place at same time.

——Mr. Henry Rossman, of Tusseyville, gave our sanctum a visit Tuesday. Mr. Rossman conducts a first-class undertaking establishment at Tusseyville and is quite successful as an embalmer, having taken a course in same a few weeks ago under Prof. Sullivan, at Pittsburg.

——John Grove, one of Gregg township's leading citizens gave the REPORTER sanctum a call, and like the REPORTER, he can't forget that Sherman was implicated in stealing the presidency from Tilden. "Handsome is who handsome does"—Mr. Grove had his label on REPORTER set close to '94, and it did him good—us too—to do it. Next.

—Bert. Shimp, who had been employed in the foundry at this place, has secured lucrative employment in the works at Logan, near Lewistown, Bert. and family have been visiting at Lewistown for several weeks but returned to their home here last week to prepare household goods for removal. Sorry to lose Bert as a citizen, and hope he will again return.

——Mr. J. Edgar Martz, who has been located at Spokane Falls, Washington, the last few years, arrived in this section a few weeks ago for a visit among friends and relatives in and about Tusseyville. Mr. Martz is a native of this valley and departed for the west about five years ago. He intends locating in Altoona for the present, and will not return to his late residence.

HORRIBLY MANGLED.

FRANK COOPER ALMOST INSTANTLY KILLED.

FELL FROM A CAR UPON THE RAILS

EIGHT FREIGHT CARS PASS OVER HIS PROSTRATE BODY.

Centre Hall Station the Scene of a Horrible Accident on Tuesday Evening In Which the Conductor of the Freight Loses His Life by Falling under the Wheels.

A horrible accident occurred on Tuesday afternoon at the station at this place, in which Frank B. Cooper, conductor on the local freight on its way to Bellefonte from Sunbury, lost his life in the performance of his duties, by falling from a moving car upon the track below, and eight cars passed over his body, severing his right leg below the knee and completely disemboweling the unfortunate man.

It appears the freight which passes the 2.47 mail east, when on time, at Centre Hall, was over one hour behind scheduled time at Centre Hall and did not arrive at this station until about ten minutes after four o'clock. The weather was dreary and sultry, a slight rain falling which made work upon the freight train extremely hazardous.

When the train was in the cut about twenty rods below the station it was the intention of the trainmen to disconnect a stock car from about the middle of the train which was in motion, and throw it in on the depot siding, making what is called a "flying switch." Conductor Cooper got between the forward part of the train and the stock car, on the bumpers, to pull the coupling pin to disconnect the car. When he pulled the pin the forward part of the train went ahead and it is supposed he had hold of the brake rod to support him in the stooping position, his hold slipped and he fell head foremost to the track below upon the rails, right under the wheels.

The part of the train behind, composed of seven or eight heavily laden coal cars and caboose were moving and it would have been impossible to stop them to rescue the unfortunate man from the jaws of death. The cars passed over his body which was across the rails, severing his right leg below the knee, crushing his left leg, and completely disemboweling him and almost cutting his body in two across the hips, which would have surely happened had not his heavy clothing protected his body to a certain extent.

A brakeman saw him fall from the train to the track and immediately ran to his assistance. When he arrived he found him lying across the rails with his head in the ditch aside the track. He was still alive when the brakeman came to his body, and lived for about fifteen minutes after the accident. A cushion from the caboose was hurriedly brought and the unfortunate man plaed on it, and a brakeman dispatched to the depot for assistance. A physician was at once telephoned for from town and Dr. Jacobs was only a few minutes in getting to the depot, but before his arrival upon the scene, Cooper had breathed his last, and the vital spark had fled.

A push car used by the section hands was brought down to where he lay and his body placed upon it and brought up to the depot, being run in on the mill switch to allow the 4.28 passenger train to pass, which had been flagged and stopped at the scene of the accident. After the passenger train left the depot the body was carried into the freight house and Dr. Jacobs made an examination of the remains for a report to the officials. He found the wheels had passed over the right leg below the knee, which was connected only by shreds of flesh. His left leg was also crushed and the bones broken from the knee up to the hip. The wheels evidently passed diagonally over his right leg first and then upon the left over the body above the hips. The wheels then likely dragged his body around directly across the rails and passed over his abdomen, for in this position he was found by the brakeman. The abdomen was horribly mangled and the entrails protruded.

He was a married man aged about thirty-eight years, and resided in Sunbury, where he has a wife and daughter thirteen years old.

The body was taken to Dauberman's undertaking establishment in the evening where it was properly prepared for burial. Later in the evening they received orders from Superintendent Westfall to ship it to Sunbury on the 7.03 Wednesday morning train to the family for burial.

Conductor Cooper was very popular with his crew, who spoke in highest terms of his character. He was a professor of Christianity and his last and only words after the accident were for the Divine Being to have mercy upon his soul, and he became unconscious.

His family, we are informed are left in good circumstances and that he was the owner of several properties in Sunbury. We are also informed he had about $4,000 in the Relief Association.

He had been promoted to conductor on this branch which position had been made vacant by the death of Mike Duprene, who had received injuries at Paddy Mountain about two years ago from which he died.

THE REAPER DEATH.

Mr. Samuel Hess, Centre County's Aged Citizen Succumbs to the Grip.

The old patriarch has gone to his long home. The venerable Samuel Hess, of near Pinegrove Mills, died on Thursday night, of last week, from an attack of grip. Mr. Hess was near the close of his 93rd year, and known to nearly all our readers. He was a man of great worth, in his day, to his fellow men. As a citizen and neighbor, he was kind and scrupulously upright—he was of the good old stock of honest men in every sense of the word, and reared a family of children who stand in the highest esteem among their neighbors. He was a devoted member ot the Lutheran church. Father Hess has a sister, Mrs. William Harter, of Aaronsburg, who survives him—the rest of his brothers and sisters having departed this life several years ago, some many years in advance of him. He was the oldest of the family, and Mrs. Harter the youngest. He is now gathered with them. His funeral took place at Pinegrove Mills, on Tuesday forenoon, 12th, and was very largely attended by a wide circle of relatives and friends. His wife died some forty years ago, he remaining a widower since his bereavement. Thus a good man has gone, at an age that few are favored with. He was the father of six children, of whom four survive him, namely Michael F., of near Boalsburg, Jonathan, of Williamsport, Mrs. Fred. Bottorf and Mrs. Stover.

Mr. Hess was elected a county commissioner over a third of a century ago, without having sought the office, and proved a highly efficient commissioner. His favorite pass-time was hunting deer in the fall, at which he was an expert, and many of the fleet-footed fell at his unerring aim. The past few years he had to forego the temptations of a hunter, from rheumatic afflictions. He was a farmer by occupation, and has resided on his farm near Pinegrove Mills upwards of sixty years. Peace to his ashes.

WHAT THEY SAY.

The Remarks Heard Concerning the "Reporter's" Late Improvements.

Captain George M. Boal, "The REPORTER is greatly improved. I have only one objection, a change of politics should be made."

'Squire J. C. Boal, "You have made a great improvement in the REPORTER and I admire it very much."

A. P. Wieland, Two Lick, Pa., writes and says: "Please mail copy of the REPORTER. By some mishap mine wandered into the waste basket and the "kid" burned it before I got a word read. The new clothes on it look well, out of sight, sort of."

Mr. A. S. Kerlin: "The new REPORTER is a daisy. I wish the editor and proprietor success. The great beauty of the REPORTER lies in its staunch Democracy."

Ex-commissioner H. C. Campbell: "I like the REPORTER, for its news, and not its politics."

Prof. D. M. Wolf, of Spring Mills: "The REPORTER stands high with some of our best people."

Leap Year Party.

Friday evening last, about twenty-five young ladies and gentlemen from Bellefonte arrived in town by sleigh and invaded Bartges hotel. It was a leap year party from Bellefonte, and the young ladies had taken advantage of the liberties which every fourth year allows them and invited their best to dine with them in Centre Hall. Landlord Bartges had prepared an elegant chicken and waffle supper for the party, and with the eight mile drive from across the mountain, which whetted an appetite, the party disposed of the viands as though to fill a long-felt want. It was a lively party and all seemed to have a jolly good time. They departed for Bellefonte about twelve o'clock.

Grange Meeting.

Centre county Pomona Grange will meet in the hall of Bald Eagle Grange, Milesburg, Tuesday, January 19th, at 10 a. m. Let every subordinate Grange in the county send large delegations as business of importance will be transacted. Installation of officers at 10 a. m. 5th degree will be conferred at 2 p. m. Every policy holder of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company should be present.

JAS. C. GILLILAND,
Secretary,

Cheapest In The End.

An exchange prints this bit of wisdom, but it won't help the people who don't read newspapers and who get swindled: When a swindler is looking for a victim, he hunts up those people who cannot afford to take a newspaper. It is usually a deal more expensive in the end to do without a newspaper than it is to subscribe and pay for a half dozen of them.

Auditors at Work.

The Auditors of Centre county are now at work on the county books preparing a statement of receipts and expenditures of the county for the year ending 1891. The statement will be ready for publication on or about the second week in February.

Died at Millheim.

Mrs. Jessie Kreamer, died at Millheim, on Sunday last, aged about 53 years.

——Mingle's shoe store receives new stock every day. Prices are always fair and reasonable.

Death of General Irvin Gregg.

General John Irvin Gregg, a distinguished soldier of the war with Mexico and the late war, died at his residence in Washington, on the 6th inst., in his 66th year. General Gregg has resided there since he was retired from active service. He served in the Second Pennsylvania volunteers in the Mexican war, rising to the rank of captain.

At the beginning of the late war he volunteered with the Fifth Pennsylvania reserves, but he was soon transferred to the regular service and afterward became colonel of the Sixteehth Pennsylvania cavalry. In the fight at Deep Bottom he was wounded in the wrist, and he was again wounded at Amelia Springs in 1865. At the close of the war he was breveted major general. This made his fourth promotion for gallant services between 1861 and 1865. After the war he had command of the troops in Southwestern Virginia, and was afterward sent to Louisiana as inspector of freedmen. In July 1868, he was appointed colonel of the Eighth United States cavalry, and served as such until 1878, when he was retired as a result of a severe affliction of the knee joint, received two years previous.

General Gregg was well-known in Centre county, and some eight years ago operated the ore banks near Centre Hill. He was a brother of Col. Andrew Gregg, of this place. He was tall of stature, finely built, and straight. He was a gentleman of excellent qualities and culture.

General Gregg was born in Potter township, this county, at the Stone mill, some two and a half miles from this place.

He lived at Lewisburg a number of years, and from there removed to Washington. His remains were interred in the Arlington cemetery, opposite Washington.

Insurance Meeting.

The annual meeting and election of the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Centre county, was held at Bartges hotel on Monday. The statement of its affairs shows this time-honored company to be on first-class footing. At the election the following directors were unanimously chosen for the ensuing year:

Miles, Samuel Gramly and Daniel Brumgart, Haines, John H. Musser, Penn, H. E. Duck, Gregg, S. J. Herring and Major J. B. Fisher, Potter, Samuel Slack and Fred. Kurtz, Harris, Colonel William McFarlane, College, Jacob Bottorf, Ferguson, H. C. Campbell and J. G. Bailey.

The new board organized by electing the following officers:

President: Fred. Kurtz, Vice President: S. J. Herring, Treasurer: William Wolf, Secretary: D. F. Luse.

Beech Creek to Enter Altoona.

It is not definitely settled that the Beech Creek and New York Central Railroads are to gain an entrance to Altoona, only 120 miles east of Pittsburg, by the absorption of the stock of the Altoona and Wopsononock Railroad Company. This road now runs to Daugherty's mines and was to have been extended to Frugality, but instead it is now to go to Coalport, where connection will be made with the Cresson and Coalport and Pennsylvania and Northwestern roads, and then to Gazzam, connecting with the Beech Creek Road. The work is being rapidly pushed forward and by next summer the Pennsylvania Company will have a strong rival for its coal-carrying trade.

Furst's Barn in Porter Township Burned.

The large barn belonging to the Furst brothers and known as the "'Squire William Allison barn," in Porter township, on the Cedar Run road, was destroyed by fire Thursday a. m., a short time after midnight. Report says that not only the barn, but all the contents, including all the live stock except seven head of young cattle, the wagon shed and implemehts were burned. The tenant of the farm is a man by the name of Enos Bush, whose loss is heavy, as he had no insurance, whatever. Mr. Bush had six head of milch cows and eleven horses, all victims of the conflagration.

The Furst brothers have the following insurance: One thousand on the barn, $600 on the hay and grain, etc., and $300 on the wagon shed.

Home Burned.

On Saturday night December 26th, a log dwelling house occupied by Mrs. Sarah Wasson and her three sons, at Hublersburg, was destroyed by fire. They were awakened during the night by the smoke, and they had but a few moments left to flee for their lives. The flames spread rapidly and nothing could be saved from the little home. There was no insurance and the loss will bear heavily upon these unfortunate ones. They were kindly cared for by friends in that community.

Will Remain.

Reports have been circulated the past week that Mr. George B. Brandon, the obliging and accommodating landlord of the Brockerhoff House, Bellefonte, would sever his connection with the hotel in the spring. They were unfounded and no truth in them. Mr. Brandon will remain and cater in the future as before to the traveling public.

——The reason we lead the shoe trade is because we best satisfy the people for a genuine bargain.—Mingle, Bellefonte.

INQUEST HELD.

THE JURY IMPANNELLED RENDER A VERDICT.

The Jury Fails to Find George Weaver and Wife Guilty af Murdering Their Child.

The rumors relative to the death of the nine-months-old child of George Weaver, in the Seven mountains, above Collier's saw mill near Tusseyville, which were current and of which we gave an account last week in these colums, do not appear to have been well-founded from the report of the jury impannelled to render a verdict as to the cause of the death of the child.

The autopsy announced to be held last Wednesday morning at Tusseyville did not take place until in the afternoon. J. S. Houseman, J. P., had been directed by District Attorney Meyer to hold an inquest and the 'Squire arranged for same on Wednesday morning, intending to raise the body and have a postmort em examination made to ascertain if possible, the direct cause of the death of the child, and if same had been inhumanly treated by its parents. He had secured the services of one of Centre Hall's physicians to make the examination, but by some misunderstanding, the inquest was not held in the morning, owing to the non-arrival of the physician. The jury had been summoned, and the body raised from the Zion cemetery, where it was interred, but the inquest was postponed until the afternoon, as no verdict could be rendered without a physician in charge. Mr. Houseman directed a constable to proceed to Potters Mills and secure the physician at that place, Dr. Alexander, (formerly of Mifflin county,) to make the examination. The constable returned with the physician and 'Squire Houseman had the following gentlemen sworn in as jury to render a verdict: George Reiber, Levi Stump, Henry Shadow, Reuben W. Colyer, Peter Jordon and David Fye.

The parents of the child could not be found when efforts were made to secure them to attend the inquest. Several other witnesses, were summoned and their testimony taken.

When the examination was made by Dr. Alexander, no bruises of any kind were found on the body of the child, nothing but a small sore on the forehead and this could not be assigned as caused by a blow. Thus all reports of the undertaker, Mr. Henry Rossman, having discovered several bruises and cuts upon the chi ld's head, which were covered with cotton, while placing it in the coffin, are unfounded and not correct, as he himself informs us. It was also reported the father had struck it on the head with a strap this is also not correct. The examination by the physician led him to believe that death was caused by blood poisoning, as the child had a skin disease, eczema, which developed into blood poisoning, and caused its death. The child had been neglected during its illness and received no treatment whatever to allay the eruptions of the skin and to this the Dr. attributed its death, the jury rendering a verdict accordingly, and that it had not come to its death from blows received from the parents.

The child received inhuman treatment from its parents, as the testimony of Mrs. J. E. Nevel shows and which was corroborated by several other witnesses. She said that some time after the 20th of December, she was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver. She found the child in a filthy condition, and terribly cut in the face and about the head. Mrs. Weaver, who is a untidy housekeeper, entreated her to take the child home with her and care for it, stating that her husband, George Weaver, would do violence to the child, and probably kill it. She further stated that the half-witted father had whipped the child with a large strap, cutting its head until it bled. He afterwards brutally hit it with his fist causing one of its eyes to become black and blue. Mrs. Nevel took the child, washed it completely and put ointment on its wounds and bound them up. In a few days afterwards the child was taken back to the Weaver hut, and soon after death followed.

This phase of the case is bad enough, and too bad to occur in a civilized community. 'Squire Houseman discharged the jury after their report, and the body was again interred in the cemetery.

A Full Equipment.

The REPORTER office received a full and fine equipment of job type of the latest styles and designs, for the execution of all kinds of job work. All old type has been thrown out and their places supplied with new, and we now have a modernly equipped office. Work will be executed with neatness and dispatch. We carry in stock a fine line of wedding invitations, wedding envelopes, cards, letter and note heads, etc., etc., and guarantee our work to be strictly first class,—if in need of anything enumerated give us a call, and we will gladly quote prices.

——Boots and shoes of good quality have always been handled at our store. To sell good quality at low prices has been a problem we have worked on for years and have found its solution. Our prices are very low and quality of the best—Powers Shoe store, Bellefonte.

JOHN R. LEE.

A Respected Citizen of Centre Hill is Called to His Last Resting Place.

On Sunday morning last, January 10th, the angel of death came and relieved Mr. John R. Lee, an aged and highly respected citizen of Centre Hill, of his suffering.

The deceased had been in poor health for several years, but was not confined to his bed or unable to be about, and could do light chores about his residence, until about one week previous to his death, he was seized in the clutches of that fatal disease, la grippe, caught a cold, and a few days later pneumonia set in which finally ended his earthly pilgramage.

Mr. Lee was aged 74 years, 6 months and 12 days. He was the father of eleven children, eight boys and three girls, two of his sons having preceeded him to the dim beyond, they were, William H. Lee, who died in 1864 and Robert, who also died in 1864. The surviving sons and daughters are: Mrs. Simon Ruble, of Iona, Kansas; Mrs. Mary Royer, of Nittany; Dr. George L. Lee, of Madisonburg; John H. Lee, of Tusseyville; Mrs. Emma Stemm, Boalsburg; James W. Lee, Centre Hall; Franklin D. Lee, Old Fort; Hiram Lee, Potters Mills, and Felix Lee, of Latrobe, Pa. Tnere is left a sorrowing wife and nine children and twenty-two grand children.

Interment will be made in the Centre Hill cemetery on this morning, Thursday, at nine o'clock.

Tyrone's Dynamite Scare.

Early in the morning of Dec. 30th, the residents of Tyrone were startled by two muffled explosions, followed a few minutes later by a fire alarm. When the firemen ran to the engine house they found a stranger there who told them the fire was out. They stood around talking about it when a second alarm was sounded. They responded this time and found that the stable of the Clearfield hotel had been blown up and, with several surrounding stables, was in flames. In all six stables, eight head of horses and other property were destroyed. The greatest excitement prevails, as it is feared by the people that an organized effort to destroy the town is being made.

Oil in Place of Snow or Ice.

Lumbering operations are being greatly impeded as a result of the openness of the Winter. In order to get the logs into the streams, the operators are resorting to crude oil as a substitute for snow and ice. The skidways and slides are thoroughly greased, and by this means the greatly delayed work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Lumbermen say that unless there is a favorable change in the weather soon, it will be necessary to work night and day in order to complete the job. On Pine Creek, Daniel Kavanaugh, who has 60,000,000 feet of logs to handle, is doing all his work with oil. This is one of the last resorts in lumber operations in the woods.

The Horse Frightened.

On last Thursday evening, Dr. Jacobs received a call from Pleasant Gap. He had only gone a few rods from his home ascending the mountain, when his horse frightened and made a sudden spring to the side of the road, precipitating the sleigh down a high embankment below the residence of Samuel Rowe. The sleigh was badly broken up but the doctor was not injured. He then made the trip in a buggy.

Died at Bellefonte.

Harold, the fifteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Harris, of Bellefonte, died on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 2nd, of Brights disease. Only a few months have elapsed since the death of their daughter, Mrs. Nnnaie Weaver, of Clearfield, and the death of their son is a sad blow to the grief stricken parents. Harold was largely connected with temperance and religious works.

Wedding Invitations, etc.

We have received a fine line of type, suitable for printing wedding invitations, etc., and carry in stock finest grades of paper for same. Our work we guarantee as first-class and at low prices.

He Insulted Her.

A Harrisburg young girl who wears a tiny, tinkling bell on her garter, reported to her father that the family physician had insulted her with the request, "Please let me see your tongue." The parent is pondering.—*Patriot.*

——Powers, Bellefonte, handles all grades of heavy winter boots and shoes and as for prices, no cheaper can be purchased anywhere else. A trial is asked.

Don't Quarrel

With people for groaning when they suffer with Rheumatism or Neuralgia: the pain is simply terrible: no ancient torture was more painful: but people ought to be blamed if having Rheumatism or Neuralgia and won't use Red Flag Oil; it has cured hundreds of sufferers and costs only 25 cents at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON

Wheat	88
Rye	70
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

Produce at Stores

Butter	20
Eggs	20
Lard	9
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	30
Sides	8